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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in Western Africa, in the years 1818, 19, 20, and 21. By Major W. Gray, and the late Staff Surgeon Doehard. 8vo. pp. 413. London, 1825. J. Murray.

THE unfortunate expeditions of Major Peddie and Captain Campbell, and the sequel of them under Major Gray and Mr. Doehard, are described in this volume, which accordingly treats of the Western African Countries adjacent to the Gambia and Senegal rivers, viz. Fouta-Jallon, Woolli, Bondoo, Galam, Kasson, Kaarta, and Foulidoo. The first half of the volume occupies the time from Major Peddie's outset, about the close of 1815, till January, 1819; when (Peddie and his successor Campbell being both dead) Major Gray was a sort of prisoner in Bondoo* and Doehard had gone on to Sego to endeavour to open the passage forward.

The journal presents a succession of distresses, privations, difficulties, fevers, and deaths. The barbarians, thieves, and plunderers, who pass before us under the imposing titles of kings, princes, and chiefs, almost invariably opposed the progress of the expedition—took every opportunity and every method of extorting presents from it—and finally disappointed its objects by detaining it till mortality had so diminished its powers as to render farther efforts vain.

Having thus briefly sketched the outline of this melancholy attempt, and pointed to its nature and the general result; we shall address ourselves to such of the details as seem best calculated to give an idea of the work, and of the matters to which it relates. At Kayaye, Major Gray meets a tribe of Foulahs, of whom he states the following:

"I observed here a sort of amusement, or rather inquisitorial exhibition, called by the natives Kongorong. It was thus: a man, covered from head to foot with small boughs of trees, made his appearance in the afternoon near the town, and gave notice to the young women and girls that he would pay them a visit after sunset. At the appointed time he entered the village, preceded by drums, and repaired to the assembly place, where all were collected to meet him with the music and singing. He commenced by saying that he came to caution the ladies to be very circumspect in their conduct towards the whites, meaning the men of the Expedition, and related some circumstances, with which he said he was acquainted, little to their credit:—but, as it was his first time, he would neither mention names, nor inflict the usual punishment, namely, flogging. He, however, would take advantage of the first opportunity which they would be imprudent enough to afford him.

"All he said was repeated by the girls in a sort of song, accompanied by the music and clapping of hands. Every one who had any thing to fear for from his inquisitorial authority, made him a present; and I observed that not one of the girls withheld this proof of their fear of his tongue, or

* We find ourselves somewhat grieved at this part, when we read (after sorrowing over so many of the sufferings endured by our countrymen) that the French trading fleet sailed quietly and safely up the Senegal, to within fourteen miles of them. Why do not we, in such affairs, use the river's navigation as far as they permit?

of their own consciousness of guilt. He remained with them until near midnight.

"An instance of the manner in which the young men of that country obtain wives, also came under our observation. One of the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, having placed his affections, or rather desires, on a young girl at Kayaye, made the usual present of a few colas to her mother, who, without giving her daughter any intimation of the affair, consented to his obtaining her in any way he could. Accordingly when the poor girl was employed preparing some rice for supper, she was seized by her intended husband, assisted by three or four of his companions, and carried off by force. She made much resistance, by biting, scratching, kicking, and roaring most bitterly. Many, both men and woman, some of them her own relations, who witnessed the affair, only laughed at the farce, and comforted her by saying that she would soon be reconciled to her situation."

In Bondoo similar customs prevail, as we learn from another description:

"We observed hanging on a stake, outside the walls of the town, a dress composed of the bark of a tree torn into small shreds, and formed so as to cover the whole body of the person wearing it, who is a sort of bugbear, called Mumbo Jumbo, that occasionally visits all the Mandingo towns, for the purpose of keeping the married women in order. I have been told that the husband who has occasion to find fault with one of his wives, (for here every man has as many as his circumstances will admit) either puts on this dress himself, or gets one of his friends to do it, and having made known his intended visit to the town, by shrieking and howling in the woods near it, arrives after sunset at the assembly place, where all the inhabitants are obliged to meet him, with music, singing, and dancing, which continues for some hours, and terminates by his seizing the unfortunate woman, and flogging her most unmercifully in presence of the whole assembly, who only laugh at this horrid performance. We have never had an opportunity of seeing this ourselves, but have heard it from so many, and with such corroborative exactness of description, that we have no doubt of its existence to a much greater extent of blind savage superstition than has been described to us."

The subjoined throw a farther light on the manners of the same people, and the country products:

"Returned to Ganado, where we passed the night, and lost four horses and (six) all our sheep, in consequence of their having eaten the leaves of a tree (called Talee, by the natives,) which is common throughout the country. It is a strong poison, and has a very sweet taste. The pagan natives of some parts of Africa make use of an infusion of the bark of this tree to ascertain whether a person among them, suspected of witchcraft, be guilty or not. The accused is obliged to drink a quantity of this liquor, and which, according to its strength, sooner or later produces nausea, vomiting, and pain in the stomach and abdomen, and not unfrequently terminates in the death of the person; in which case he is considered to have been guilty: but should

the person recover, either in consequence of the weakness of the dose (sometimes arising from a large bribe administered to the person who made it), or a great strength of constitution and timely antidotes, he is declared innocent. This horrid method is seldom practised by the Mahomedan natives of Africa.

"Since our arrival here, (Goodeerie in Bondoo) we were beset by a multitude of beggars of all descriptions. Princes and their wives without number came to make to us trifling presents, with the hope of receiving in return double their value, and their attendants were not less troublesome. Goulahs, or singing people, who in Africa always flock around those who have any thing to give, no doubt thought this a good opportunity to turn to good account their abilities in music, and we were continually annoyed by their horrid noise. Dozens of them would, at the same moment, set up a sort of roaring extempore song in our praise, accompanied by drums and a sort of guitar, and we found it impossible to get rid of them by any other means than giving something. They were not, however, to be put off with a trifle. People who lived by that sort of gain, and not unfrequently received from their own chiefs presents to the amount of several slaves, were not to be put off with trifles, particularly by persons with (apparently to them) so much riches as we had. The consequence was, we were in a continual state of uproar with those wretches. Never did I find my patience so much tried as on those occasions.

"The fever and dysentery still continued to do their work of destruction. Private Watzler died on the 19th; Fallen on the 23d; and Corporal Howell on the 25th of August, and many more were fast declining. To divert, as much as possible, the minds of the men from reflecting on the scenes of death around them, I had recourse to amusements and employments of all kinds. Hunting the game in which the country abounded, afforded an ample range for those who were able to partake of it, to employ their time to advantage. Wild hogs, antelopes, guinea fowls, and partridges, were constantly brought in. During one of our excursions we met, and succeeded in killing, a large lioness, which had, for some time, been disturbing the neighbourhood of the village. On this occasion we were accompanied by some of the inhabitants of Samba Contaye, one of whom gave the first wound to the animal; in consequence of which he was disarmed by the rest of his companions, and led prisoner (his hands tied behind his back) to the town, at whose outer approach they were met by all the women, singing and clapping hands. The dead animal, covered with a white cloth, was carried by four men on a bier constructed for the purpose, accompanied by the others of their party, shouting, firing shots, and dancing, or rather playing all sorts of monkey tricks. As I was not a little surprised at seeing the man whom I conceived ought to be rewarded for having first so disabled the animal as to prevent it from attacking us thus treated, I requested an explanation; and was informed, that being a subject only, he was guilty of a great crime in killing or shooting a sovereign, and must suffer this punishment until released by the chiefs of

the village, who knowing the deceased to have been their enemy, would not only do so immediately, but commend the man for his good conduct. I endeavoured to no purpose to find out the origin of this extraordinary mock ceremony, but could only gain the answer, frequently given by an African, 'that his forefathers had always done so.'

"This, with a hyena, shot by a sentinel when attempting to take away one of our asses, were the only animals of the kind killed by us. In a few nights after this we were surprised by three lions, which, in despite of the strength of our fence, and of the sentinels, who fired several shots at them, forced their way into the camp, and succeeded in mangling one of our horses, which was tied to a stake within fifteen yards of our huts, in such a dreadful manner, that I thought it best, by means of a pistol-ball, to put an end to the poor animal's sufferings.

"Those animals are very troublesome, particularly at the time of year when the corn and grass, being nearly the height of a man, afford them means of concealing themselves near the towns, and of making nightly attacks on the herds of black cattle and goats belonging to the natives, who keep up large fires in the folds, and occasionally fire off their muskets, to deter them from approaching; but in this they do not unhappily always succeed. - - -

"The people of Bondoo are a mixture of Foola, Mandingoes, Serrawolles, and Joloffs, retaining, however, more of the manners and customs of the first, and speaking their language exclusively. They are of the middle size, well made, and very active, their skin of a light copper colour, and their faces of a form approaching nearer to those of Europe than any of the other tribes of Western Africa, the Moors excepted. Their hair, too, is not so short or woolly as that of the black, and their eyes are, with the advantage of being larger and rounder, of a better colour, and more expressive. The women in particular, who, without the assistance of art, might vie, in point of figure, with those of the most exquisitely fine form in Europe, are of a more lively disposition, and more delicate form of face, than either the Serrawolles, Mandingoes, or Joloffs. They are extremely neat in their persons and dress, and are very fond of amber, coral, and glass beads, of different colours, with which they adorn or bedeck their heads, necks, wrists, and ancles, profusely; gold and silver, too, are often formed into small buttons, which are intermixed with the former on the head, and into rings and chains worn on the wrists and ancles. They always wear a veil thrown loosely over the head: this is manufactured by themselves from cotton, and is intended to imitate thin muslin, at which they have not by any means made a bad attempt. The other parts of their dress are precisely the same as that already described to be worn by the inhabitants of Kayaye, and, with few exceptions of silk and printed cotton which they obtain from the coast, are entirely of their own manufacture. They are exceedingly fond of perfumes of every kind, particularly musk, attar of roses, or lavender, but they can seldom procure these, and therefore substitute cloves, which they pound into powder, and mix up with the kernel, having something the flavour of a Tonquin bean, which they likewise reduce to powder, and with a little gum-water, form it into beads about the size of a common garden pea. These they string and hang round the neck; they sometimes string the cloves themselves, and wear them in the same manner; but the way in which they prefer wearing them is sewed up in small bags made of rich coloured silk, a number of which are hung round the neck. The hair, which is neatly braided into

a profusion of small plaits, hangs down nearly to the shoulders, and is confined (together with the strings of amber, coral, and beads, which decorate it) round the forehead with a few strings of small beads by the young girls, and, by the married, with a narrow strip of silk, or fine cotton cloth, twisted into a string about as thick as a finger. To complete their dress, a pair of large gold ear-rings dangle almost to touch the shoulders, and in consequence of their great weight, would tear their ears were they not supported by a little strap of thin red leather, which is fastened to one ear-ring by a button, and passes over the top of the head to the other. The walk of these ladies is peculiarly majestic and graceful, and their whole appearance, although strange to a European observer, is far from being inelegant."

We must reserve the further Review of this interesting volume till next week.

Journal of the British Embassy to Persia; embellished with numerous Views taken in India and Persia: also a Dissertation upon the Antiquities of Persepolis. By William Price, F.R.S.L. Assistant Secretary to the Right Honourable Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from His Britannic Majesty to the Court of Persia. Vol. I. London, 1825. Kingsbury, Parbury, & Allen.

WHATEVER literary honours are due to the present century, England is entitled to an ample share of them; and it is much to be doubted, if the distinguished names we can at present boast, will ever be surpassed in celebrity by those of any other time and nation. The researches of the members of the French Institute opened in Egypt a new and extensive field for learned inquiry; and the numerous travellers who have subsequently visited the shores of the Nile, have contributed many hieroglyphic treasures, which, by the removal to Europe of the Rosetta stone, and the elaborate investigations of Dr. Young, may be ultimately rendered available. It is with peculiar gratification that we look at the era which is now commencing in our acquaintance with Egypt, her antiquities, literature, and arts. British valour acquired the monument, which is the only firm basis on which a system for deciphering the hieroglyphics can rest; and British erudition and genius have shed over the nation a lustre more permanent and bright than the splendour of victory. We do not wish to detract from the merit of M. Champollion, but he would not have suffered in fame by acknowledging his obligations to our countryman. Candour is always estimable, and generosity towards a rival commands admiration. In this instance, we feel that the primary honours are due to Dr. Young, as the person who laid in a most unstable ground that durable foundation, on which M. Champollion has raised an elegant superstructure. Having spoken of Dr. Young, we may observe, that it is much to be regretted no duplicate has been found of the urn on which an hieroglyphic and a cuneiform inscription appear together; the former of these, on the urn described by the Count de Caylus, (*Recueil d'Antiquités*, tom. 5. pl. 30.) is so much effaced, that the figures cannot be ascertained. Dr. Grotendorf, (*Mines de l'Orient*, 4.) thinks himself justified in translating the latter, "Nerxes the brave king." If the hieroglyphics were entire, doubtless their meaning might be discovered, and a key be thus afforded for deciphering the Persepolitan characters on more certain grounds than specious hypothesis and plausible conjecture. Dr. Grotendorf's lucubrations afford nothing more, and it has fortunately been reserved for a countryman of ours, the author of the work before us, to interpret a

character by which the loss that history has suffered by the total destruction of the ancient records of Persia, may be in some degree repaired.

The reputation of Mr. Price as the first oriental scholar of the day, has long been known and appreciated, and procured for him the situation of Assistant Secretary and Interpreter to the English Embassy to Persia, under Sir Gore Ouseley. In this employment he rendered the most important services to the mission; and on the return of the envoy to this country, he continued to pursue in retirement the studies which have given rise to the present publication. The first volume only has appeared, containing innumerable views in Persia and India, a short journal illustrative of the plates, with some few remarks on the inhabitants, customs, &c., of the places visited by the embassy, very many translations of the most interesting passages from the Eastern poets and historians, and an elementary grammar of the Armenian language. To this is annexed the first part of a dissertation on the antiquities of Persepolis, and translations of some inscriptions in the arrow-headed character, found among the ruins of that stupendous place. We now leave Mr. Price to speak for himself.

"During the time that the British Embassy under his excellency Sir Gore Ouseley, Bt. remained at Shiraz, in 1811, I made frequent inquiry among well-informed persons respecting the inscriptions on the walls of Persepolis. Most of them concurred in opinion, that if those inscriptions could be deciphered, the language would prove to be nearly the same as that now used by the Guebres. Among other inquiries, I endeavoured to ascertain whether there was any clue to the reading of these inscriptions, but could not find any person who could assist me in the slightest degree. By making these inquiries I became acquainted with many of the most learned men of the place, and whatever they possessed in the way of ancient literature they brought for my inspection. Beside, Abu'l Hasan Khan and his suite having mentioned to their countrymen that I could read hieroglyphic characters, from my knowledge of Chinese, I received numerous visits from persons of various descriptions: some for the purpose of showing me their curious papers; and others as dealers, with a view of profiting by the sale of such rare manuscripts as they could meet with. A gentleman one day brought me an ancient MS. to try if I could read it; it was written in strange characters, and, though not with the arrow-head, I perceived some of the combinations resembled those of the arrow-headed characters. I wished to obtain the book, but the owner would not part with it on any terms, because, he said, it was an heir-loom handed down to him from his ancestors. Not willing to let so curious a book pass through my hands without profiting by it, I prevailed upon him to allow me to copy part of it; I chose such parts as appeared to have characters of another sort opposite, but, not being able to make any thing out of either, I laid up the copy with other literary collections. It remained in that state for several years, without my being able to make out a single stroke, till commencing the present work, when, in order to illustrate some remarks relative to the Guebres, I began the study of the Pahlavi characters and language, and, referring to my collection of papers, was agreeably surprised in finding part of the strange characters above-mentioned were alphabetic letters and words in the Pahlavi language, explanatory of their opposite symbols. This discovery induced me to compare the other characters with similar combinations in the arrow-headed character, and, after a minute inspection, I perceived the only difference consisted in the shape of the

strokes, the combinations being the same in both series of letters. The copy consists of three alphabets and a hieroglyphic key. The first is what I think may have been used for private purposes, it being of no use in deciphering the Persepolitan inscriptions. This alphabet will be found in the plate, with the Pahlavi letters of the same powers in the parallel column. The second is what I consider the skeleton key to the Persepolitan. The third appears to combine characters of a mystic tendency, and may be termed the second alphabetic key. The fourth is a sort of key to a series of hieroglyphics, frequently found among alphabetical words; these, perhaps, served for the purpose of abbreviations, or mystical signs. There is a trifling difference in the characteristic of this, it being shaped more like the nail-head, while the other three, differing but little from each other, resemble the minim used in music."

Availing himself of the key thus unexpectedly afforded, Mr. Price has given translations of several inscriptions in the arrow-headed character found among the ruins of Persepolis, and many others are promised in the subsequent volume of his work.—"It has hitherto been difficult," he observes, "to reconcile historical accounts as to the age in which the founder of Persepolis lived; some histories may have reason on their side, while others being so mixed with fable cannot be regarded as authorities. The most authentic records may be looked for in the inscriptions about the ruins of the palace. From some that I have already examined, I can give a near guess as to the time of his death, but shall not trouble the public with it till I have ascertained it beyond a doubt, not wishing to lead the reader into error while the least uncertainty remains in my own mind." We cannot follow the learned author through his various details, but we have now said enough to call the attention of the public to this extraordinary and interesting work, of which it is no trifling compliment to declare that, while it affords every facility for the purpose, it does not betray the least symptom of book-making.

London in the Olden Time, or Tales intended to illustrate the Manners and Superstitions of its Inhabitants from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Century. 1 vol. post 8vo. pp. 324. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

There are few periods of more curious speculation to the philosopher, or more intense interest to the romancer, than the period entitled the dark ages. "Time, the beautifier of the dead," may have done much for them; but it is not to antiquity owe their only charm. We who live in an age of cards and quadrilles, when every body reads and almost every body writes; when lectures, treatises, and travels, have merged imagination in information: to us the picture of former ages, however accurate, is more like a dream than the narrative of real actions. It is a gorgeous memory nevertheless, that of former times; when kings, shining in their golden robes, with crowns sparkling in jewels upon their brows, were like the monarchs of a fairy tale; when the high born maiden brodered herself the scarf she gave the young knight who fought for her beauty and honour; when the pale student wasted a whole life in his mysterious studies, happier perchance in his search than he might have been in his success; for whenever was possession equal to pursuit; all these made former times like a wild but magnificent pageant. These tales are most vivid and most interesting glances at London in the olden days. Mabel de Gysours completely transports us back to the date of caballists and necromancers, when fairies, spells, and sorcery

were familiar, if not to men's sight, at least to their imagination. But the Involuntary Miracle best suits us as to length, and is not inferior as to merit:

"In the 14th century, on the spot where that most excellent establishment Christ's hospital now stands, arose the noble and richly endowed house of the Grey Friars, with its long cloistered walks, its lofty and pinnacled towers, its fair oriel windows, rich in heraldic blazonry and delicate tracery, and its splendid church, inferior in size and grandeur to the Metropolitan cathedral alone, beneath whose lofty and fretted roof two queens (Margaret of France and Isabella) besides princes of the blood, and far-famed nobles, reposed amid the escutcheoned pomp of departed greatness.

"That the humble followers of the rule of St. Francis should be so splendidly lodged, and so richly endowed, will not appear astonishing to those who remember the great popularity and rapid rise into public estimation which distinguished all the mendicant orders, but particularly the Franciscans; and which, as a very natural consequence, excited the bitterest enmity of the established Benedictines; who, inferior alike in learning, and in popular talents to these interloping brethren, most heartily consigned them all to perdition, and not infrequently expressed their charitable belief that Satan, who had, doubtless, assisted them to gain their immense wealth, would have his own at last.

"And wealth brought its never-failing attendant, luxury, into the cells and cloisters of the grey coated brethren; and it required all the metaphysical subtlety, for which this order had always been celebrated, to excuse, if not vindicate, from the charge of inconsistency, the luxurious habits of the followers of the rule of the money-hating, pleasure-contemning St. Francis.

"It was true, would they argue, the rule of the order enjoins spare fast and spring water; but, how could they refuse the muscatel so importunately presented by the merchants of the Vintry, when, doubtless, it was offered from gratitude to heaven? and the delicate cates sent by those pious city dames, who had so largely profited by the holy brethren's ministrations, could they reject without giving offence? and, to offend was to sin. It was true, the rule strictly forbade 'riche and fayne apparel,' the worthy St. Francis himself averring, that 'a ragged coat drove away the devil;' but, if the fairest hands wrought willingly garments of the finest texture—if the most delicate fingers joyfully plied the needle for their decoration, was it Christianlike for the pious brotherhood churlishly to reject the well intentioned gifts of their fair disciples, and sternly determine to wear coarse woollen and sackcloth? Impossible! 'No, beloved brethren,' exclaimed father Gervasius, the reverend superior, when his decision was solicited respecting the propriety of receiving a fat buck and two pipes of malvoisie which alderman Oxenforde, of Langbourne ward, had presented, in gratitude to the reverend superior for having cast out an evil spirit, which had sorely affrighted divers of his servants, and caused some of his best wines to turn sour: 'No, my brethren, methinks we may not refuse them, seeing that we are strictly enjoined "confidenter mendicare," and wherefore, if we are not to receive?—Moreover, although we may not take money, we are commanded to receive gifts; and shall we say what shall be given us? Again, we are bound to eat whatsoever is sent and set before us; then, how can we refuse this worthy alderman's gifts?'"

A pious lady leaves this convent gold to be worked in a massive cup; and a celebrated young goldsmith, Master Blount, is to make it. All

this excites the jealousy of the Benedictines, who spread the report of magic against the artist.

"Well, master Blount, how will the chalice go on now?" was the exclamation of the worthy prior of St. Bartholemew, soon after; accosting the master of the goldsmiths' company. "Admirably, I trust," replied master Blount, "and it must certainly be through the special grace of the saints that Drew Berentin hath succeeded so well; he hath finished two roses on one side, and they are such as were never before seen in gold, and the lilies round the brim look as though they had but just been gathered. Said I not, that the chalice would be most wonderfully wrought," rejoined the insidious prior.

"Yes, holy father; but it is through the marvellous skill of this young man, and not by the aid of the evil one." "We shall know more about that ere long," replied the prior, "for Drew Berentin hath this morning been taken to the palace of the bishop, on great and grievous charges of conjuration; truly, I lament for the poor young man, seeing that the grey brothers have, doubtless, drawn him in; but we will go thither, and hear the charge against him."

"Master Blount, sincerely reproaching himself for the respect and attention he had so lately shewn to so evil and abandoned a brotherhood, followed the delighted prior in silence to the court, where the spiritual lord of London, Michael de Northburg, in his splendid and imposing vestments, the long purple robe, the seamless dalmatica, the embroidered cope and glittering mitre, rising in all the pride of episcopacy, and grasping that rod of spiritual empire, the richly ornamented crozier—surrounded by his chaplains, and a large assemblage of clergy and laity, commenced his address to the awe-struck multitude:

"Well hath this noble and ancient city thriven since our late worthy king Edward (whom God assail) cast out that evil and accursed race, the Jews.

"Well hath this city thriven: but, alas! of late years, through abundance of wealth and multitude of merchandise, wares of Satan hath been imported.

"Fearful spells, and devilish charms, have been brought in amongst us, and men, even men professing love to our holy church, have not been ashamed to use chrysalts, wherewith may be seen what is done afar off; and fearful and heathenish signs,* whereby they would seek to compute numbers even as by magic. It is not enough that justice be done to the bodies of men, while their souls are left unguarded,—justice must be done to both. "As the sun and the moon are placed in the firmament," saith the bull of the blessed Pope Innocent III., "the greater to rule the day, and the lesser the night, so are the spiritual and temporal powers,—to the last and inferior, their bodies may be entrusted,—but to the first, the greatest, *their souls*." I, therefore, by the authority of this pastoral staff, wherewith I guide the meek, rule the simple, collect the scattered, and restrain the presumptuous, command the prisoner and his accusers to appear."

The unfortunate young artist was brought in, and a crowd of witnesses, neither remarkable for rank nor respectability, pressed forward to offer their respective testimonies. One averred, that Drew Berentin had declared that the chalice should surpass every other, though he would not say by what means; another deposed, that he had seen the young artist going along muttering strange words to himself; but the last witness, no other than the porter at the priory of St. Bartholemew the Great, delivered the following most veracious statement:—he went the preceding

* The Arabic numerals introduced about this time."

evening to Drew Berentin's workshop, with the prior's seal ring, and there observed a tall figure wrapt in a long mantle, busily engaged on the chalice,—that he spoke to it, but receiving no answer, he wisely judged it could be no good; whereupon he made the sign of the cross—when the figure, putting forth a pair of huge black wings, instantaneously vanished, with all the usual accompaniments of saucer eyes, tremendous claws, and a most fearful smell of brimstone.

"What stronger proof of guilt could be possibly demanded than this? The young artist was called on for his defence; but, lost in astonishment at the awful charges which had just been preferred against him, he thrice attempted to speak, but in vain.

"Reverend father," exclaimed the superior of the Grey Friars, "here are many goldsmiths present who will all aver that this young man is a most admirable worker in gold and silver; here are master Blount, and master Elsing, let them examine the chalice, and say whether it hath not been wrought by earthly hands; moreover, let the prisoner take his graver, and he shall show that he alone hath been the workman."

"A petition so reasonable could not be refused—the chalice was brought, and the graver placed in the young artist's hands; but he in vain attempted to proceed—again and again he essayed, but the strokes were weak and uneven, like the first rude attempt of some skillless workman; and the bishop arose to pronounce sentence on the agent and associate of the powers of darkness.

"Reverend father," exclaimed father Anselm, the sub-prior of the house of Grey Friars, "learned men have said, that if a sorcerer compel a spirit to work for him, it must be done within a set time; and, also, that having once given the order, he cannot revoke it. Suffer this young man to be remanded for a given time—let the chalice be placed on the table, the doors being locked, and then if a spirit hath indeed been invoked, the work will be completed."

"Your saying is good," replied the bishop, "let the young man be kept safely: to-morrow seven days is the feast of St. Agatha, virgin and martyr, and then shall he finally be brought before us."

"The court was accordingly adjourned, the unfinished chalice placed on the table with the graver beside it, and the bishop himself having carefully locked the door, has departed.

"It may easily be imagined that the news of Drew Berentin's misfortune rapidly found its way to every part of the city, and that many were the comments of the worthy citizens upon it. Indeed, the tale with all its supernatural adjuncts was so admirably suited to the taste of the age, as well as to its superstitions, that it furnished the sole topic of conversation to all the inhabitants of London during the anxious interval of the seven days.

"And many a fearful story of satanic agency was told by the wily Benedictines—and many a tale of heavenly interposition was related by the sorrowful grey brothers to their respective disciples—and many a prayer was offered by the beautiful Agatha for the final deliverance of her unfortunate lover.

"Now it chanced that the confidential chaplain of the bishop had been confessor to Agatha's mother, and, anxious to hear tidings of Drew Berentin, day after day she repaired to him; often casting a wistful eye on the iron-barred door which shut in that far-famed chalice, whose surpassing beauty had caused all her lover's misfortunes.

"Her deep sorrow has touched the old man, and forgetful of his duty both to the prisoner and

to his master, he has at length promised Agatha, that on the eventful day she shall remain in the adjoining gallery, whence, unseen by the court, she may both hear and observe its proceedings.

"The day has arrived—Agatha has been secretly admitted, and with feelings of intensest anxiety she looks out from her hiding place.

"The doors are all locked—the bishop will not arrive yet—she is quite alone,—what if she leaves her hiding place, and steals one look at the beautiful unfinished chalice? Alas! curiosity has silenced the suggestions of prudence, and she stands close beside the table, almost unconscious of existence.

"The bell has chimed four, but Agatha hears it not; impelled by her evil genius, she has even taken up the graver, and, all unwittingly, is attempting to trace an additional leaf; and there she stands, with one delicate hand laid gently across the chalice, while the other is lightly tracing the outline—her fair hair like a beam of light hangs across her snowy forehead—the white and ample folds of her wimple float like a fleecy cloud around her, while the many tinted light, which streams through the gorgeously painted window, sheds a halo of gold and purple splendor around a more beautiful and ethereal form than poet ever imagined, or visionary ever beheld.

"The door has opened—the bishop, his chaplains, and the multitude enter, but Agatha sees them not; unconscious, unmoved, she stands the beautiful personification of her titular saint.

"The rustling of garments, the noise of many footsteps, the exclamation of the bishop and his attendants, at length arouse the unhappy girl from her mournful dream. The fatal consequences of her unrestrained curiosity rush overpoweringly on her mind—she perceives she is lost, and precipitately flees.

"Reverend father, what have you seen?" exclaimed master Elsing, pressing forward as he beheld the bishop prostrate on the floor, telling his beads with great devotion.

"The holy father hath seen Satan," replied the well-pleased prior of St. Bartholomew, "pray heaven he may not go stark wode." The horror-struck crowd drew instinctively back, while master Blount kept his eyes determinately fixed on the ground, fearing, if he lifted them, to meet the withering glance of some huge black fiend. "Sancta Agatha, ora pro me," exclaimed father Anselm slowly rising. "Apage! Sathanas," continued the prior of St. Bartholomew, most devoutly spitting on the ground.

"The bishop arose from his knees, and slowly but firmly approached the chalice.

"Blessed are our eyes to have seen this miracle—the gold filings are scattered around, and another leaf has been added, but not by the spirits of darkness,—bring in the prisoner."

"Drew Berentin was brought in, and whilst the wondering bystanders awaited in awe-struck silence his fearful sentence, much did the young artist marvel at the benignant smile which illuminated the stern features of the spiritual lord of London, but even more at the kindly words which were so unexpectedly addressed to him.

"O virtuous and highly favoured young man, to you hath it been given, even by a miracle, to overcome your enemies; truly, have you received assistance,—but not from the powers of hell, nor the fiends of darkness, but from the pure and holy hands of the blessed St. Agatha, whom these aged eyes (albeit unworthy) even now behold, clothed in that heavenly radiance, and arrayed in that unearthly beauty, that belongs but to the kingdom of Heaven.

"Go in peace, my son! go and prosper. And you, father Gervasius, take this holy chalice, even unfinished as it is, place it on the altar;

heaven forbid that mortal hands should complete the work of the blessed St. Agatha!"

"Magnificavit Dominus facere nobiscum facti, sumus laetantes," was the joyful exclamation of the astonished superior, as, reverently bearing the miraculous chalice, he passed through the discomfited crowd of Benedictines.

"The saintly chalice, amid the rejoicings of the highly favoured brotherhood, was placed on the high altar in the noble church of the Grey Friars, where multitudes flocked thither to behold it; and thither came master Elsing, overjoyed at the visible interference of heaven; and thither came master Blount, sincerely deploring his former suspicions; and thither came the heaven favoured artist and his beautiful bride, to offer fervent thanksgivings for so miraculous a deliverance; and when father Anselm, who had been privileged to behold the heavenly vision, described the surpassing beauty of the Virgin Martyr—the ethereal delicacy of her form—the celestial expression of her face—unconscious that the fair original stood before him, a glow of delight, and, perhaps, of pardonable vanity, overspread the beautiful features of the earthly St. Agatha, as most devoutly she returned thanks to all the saints who had enabled her so well to personate one of their number, and perform, what indeed might be termed—AN INVOLUNTARY MIRACLE."

We leave these pages with most sincere commendations; they exhibit great research, and are highly-finished and entertaining pictures of London in the Olden Time. There is some good poetry scattered about this volume, of which we annex two specimens; the first from the tale in hand, and the other a pretty ballad:

"The tapers are blazing, the mass is sung
In the chapel of Beverley;

And merrily too the bells have rung;

'Tis the eve of our Lord's nativity;

And the holy maids are kneeling round,

While the moon shines bright on the hallowed ground.

"Yes, the sky is clear, and the stars are bright,

And the air is hushed and mild;

Beating well the holy night,

When o'er Judah's mountains wild,

The mystic star blazed bright and free,

And sweet rung the heavenly minstrelsy.

"The nuns have risen, through the cloister dim

Each seeks her lonely cell,

To pray alone till the joyful hymn,

On the midnight breeze shall swell;

And all are gone, save two sisters fair,

Who stand in the moonlight silent there.

"Now, hand in hand, through the shadowy aisle,

Like airy things they've past,

With noiseless step, and with gentle smile,

And meek eyes heavenward cast;

Like things too pure upon earth to stay,

They have fled like a vision of light away.

"And again the merry bells have rung

So sweet thro' the starry sky;

For the midnight mass hath this night been sung,

And the chalice is lifted high.

And the nuns are kneeling in holiest prayer;

Yes, all, save these meek-eyed sisters fair.

"Then up rose the abbess, she sought around,

But in vain, for these gentle maids;

They were ever the first at the mass bell's sound,

Have they fled these holy shades?

Or, can they be number'd among the dead?

O! whither can these fair maids be fled?

"The snows have melted, the fields are green,

The cuckoo singeth aloud,

The flow'rs are budding, the sunny sheen

Beams bright thro' the parted cloud,

And maidens are gathering the sweet breath'd may;

But, these gentle sisters, O! where are they?

"And summer is come in rose pride,

'Tis the eve of the blessed St. John,

And the holy nuns after respite,

All forth from the chapel are gone;

While, to taste the cool of the evening hour,

The abbess hath sought the topmost tow'r.

"Gramercy, sweet lady! and can it be

These long lost sisters fair

On the threshold lie calm, and silently,

As in holiest slumber there?

Yet, sleep they not, but entranced they lie,

With lifted hands and heavenward eye.

"O long lost maidens, arise! arise!
Say, when did ye hither stray?
They have turned to the abbess their meek blue eyes;
Not an hour hath past away—
But glorious visions our eyes have seen;
O sure, in the kingdom of heaven we've been!"

"There is joy in the convent of Beverley,
Now these saintly maidens are found,
And to hear their story right wonderingly,
The nuns have gathered around
These long lost maidens, to whom was given
To live so long the life of heaven."

"And again the chapel bell is rung,
And all to the altar repair;
And sweetly the midnight lauds are sung
By the sainted sisters there;
While their heaven-taught voices softly rise,
Like an incense cloud to the silent skies."

"The maidens have risen, with noiseless tread
They glide o'er the marble floor,
They seek the abbess with bended head,
"Thy blessing would we implore,
Dear mother! for this long day
Shall blush into light, we must hence away."

"The abbess hath lifted her gentle hands,
And the words of peace hath said,
'O *cede in pacem*,' 'aghast she stands,
'Have their innocent spirits fled!'
Yes! side by side lie these maidens fair,
Like two wreaths of snow in the moonlight there."

"List! list! the sweet peal of the convent bells,
They are rung by no earthly hand;
And hark! how the far off melody swells
Of the joyful angel band,
Who hover around surpassingly bright,
And the chapel is bathed in rosy light."

"'Tis o'er. Side by side in the chapel fair
Are the sainted maidens laid,
With their snowy hair, and their glossy hair,
They look not like the dead."

"Fifty summers have come and passed away,
But their loveliness knoweth no decay,
"And many a chaplet of flow'rs is hung,
And many a bead told there,
And many a hymn of praise is sung,
And many a low breathed prayer;
And many a pilgrim bends the knee,
At the shrine of the Sisters of Beverley."

"Arise, young Sebert, take thy bow
Boldly into the greenwood go;
Take thine arrows, and shoot me three,
In the name of our blessed Marie."

"Nay, my grandaie, nay, not to night,
Let me but wait until dawning light
I'll chase the red deer, and the dun,
And nobly we'll feast on venison."

"For to-morrow the king, with hound and horn,
Chaseth the stag ere break of dawn,
With knight and baron, a merrie route
Ranging the forest all about."

"And I that godly sight might see,
Hiding beneath the greenwood tree;
Then, loud and fierce, the deed might pierce
Curst be their sport, whate'er betide!"

"Three sons had I who knew no fear,
And well they chased the good red deer;
But, they were taken by the king's decree
And hanged upon the gallows tree."

"I took mine arrows, I bent my bow,
And day by day thro' the chase did go,
To avenge the death of those gallant three
Brave youths who were hanged on the gallows tree."

"Alas! why failed my trusty bow,
Why mine arrows missed I may not know,
But heaven will avenge on the king ere long
My fair sons' death, and my bitter wrong."

"I had a dream but yesternight;—
Our lady came to me yelothed in light;—
Bid thy Sebert arise, and take his bow,
And eastward into the greenwood go."

"Nearth the maple tree shall he take his stand,
Tho' the deer may speed by, he shall hold his hand
Till a milk white doe boundeth o'er the lea,
Then shall he shoot his arrows three."

"Young Sebert into the forest hath gone;
The king and his son came riding on;
With hound and horn, and merrie shout,
Ranging the greenwood all about."

"Keep near, my son, did King William say,
For goodly sport shalt thou see to-day,
The rangers have roused a milk-white doe,
And at her, thou alone, shalt bend thy bow."

"The red deer rushed past in tameless pride,
With their fair arched necks, and antlers wide,
And the delicate hind fled swiftly by,
But, young Sebert, may not his good bow try."

"Tis sunset;—the chime of the even-song bell
Flaunth silvery and soft over wood and dell;
When hark! the shout and the loud halloo—
For the rangers have roused the milk-white doe."

"Now up, young Sebert, thy shafts prepare:
The first whizzed shrill thro' the yielding air;
Again, and again, the arrows fly—
But the milk-white doe hath fled harmless by."

"Woe! woe! to King William! aye, bitter woe,
Thy son lies slain—not the milk-white doe!
She shall gambol again 'neath the greenwood tree,
But thy son shall never more hunt with thee."

"There was joyance at morning in Winchester,
For a mighty feast did the knights prepare,
And largesse great were the barons bringing,
And merrily all the bells were ringing."

"There was sorrow ere night at Winchester,
The king is weeping beside a bier,
And dolefully sad is the death-bell knelling,
And mournful the chant for the dead is swelling."

"Arise, now, my grandaie, and be not woe,
Tho' I bring not the stag, nor the milk-white doe;
For fearful tydings I bring to thee—
King William's fair son lies slain by me!"

"Heaven speed thee, my Sebert, O! welcome here,
Tho' thou bring'st not the doe, nor the good red deer;
For thou hast avenged right wondrously, 'tree!'—
My three sons whom he hanged on the gallows"

Narrative of a Journey across the Cordillera of the Andes, and of a Residence in Lima, and other parts of Peru, in 1823 and 24. By Robert Proctor, Esq. 8vo. pp. 374. Edinb. 1825. Constable & Co. London. Hurst, Robinson, & Co.

This volume would have had stronger claims upon attention, had it not been preceded by such superior publications as Captain Basil Hall's, and other travels, which have shed so full a light over the countries of which it speaks, that little was left to be gleaned by new adventure. Mr. Proctor, however, as agent for the Peruvian Loan Contractors in London, had some opportunities of picking up new information, and this he has communicated; intermixed with older and well-known matter, and in a style far from being the purest in a literary point of view. We do not, therefore, feel called upon to enter at any length into his work—from which two or three quotations will, we are sure, be better than a larger number.

There was, nevertheless, something novel, though patriarchal, except as to the candle part of the ceremony, in the fashion of his journeying across the Andes.

"The post-house," he says, "was very respectable, consisting of one large room, into which the door opened, which served for parlour and bed-room to the family, while we were accommodated with a separate sleeping-chamber, with wooden benches, on which we spread the beds. Finding that I must expect only one apartment for my family during the whole journey, I made up my mind that the two female servants must sleep in the room with us; I arranged matters for this very purpose thus: the females always went to bed first, and on a concerted signal the candle was extinguished, and I used to come and undress; in the morning I rose before the room was light."

With this arrangement Mrs. Proctor and her maids appear to have been equally satisfied; yet it was unquestionably a droll sort of blind-man's-buff. In this way the party got to Valparaiso—says Mr. P. "enjoys a very considerable trade: on an average, there are as many as eighty vessels continually in the harbour, including the old hulks called the navy, and the national vessels. The ordinary number of British ships may be about twenty, and nearly as many North Americans. Business in the custom-house was carried on in the most tedious and perplexing manner, because no regular system was established; and the clerks were so open to bribery, that nothing could be done without it. The town is full of English, many of them of the lowest description, and of the worst characters; they act as brokers, smugglers, &c., and pounce on the poor stranger arriving with a consignment of goods, and generally leave him to repent his credulity. The principal exports from Chili are copper, wheat, barley, hides, and horses; in the three latter articles Valparaiso has a very considerable

coasting trade with Peru and Guayaquil. It is one of the most unpleasant places in South America for a residence; for, independently of the frequency of earthquakes, the town is so completely shut in by hills, that the heat in summer is dreadful: the place too is the sink of the whole country, so that the native population is of the worst kind. A night very rarely passes without a murder; and foreigners, at the time I was there, seldom thought of going out after dark. The natives of Chili are considered the most blood-thirsty and uncivilised of all the Spanish Americans; and though they show a great deal of outward politeness, they have recourse to their knives on the smallest provocation.

"Such is the case even in Santiago. I was enjoying the promenade of the *Tacamar* one evening, and was suddenly startled by a person on horseback, who came galloping down the walk at full speed. He rode over a man and killed him on the spot, and continued his course without even looking back. Most of the English rushed to the place, while the native promenaders never took the least notice of the transaction, but saw the body carried off with the greatest apathy. Within a day or two after this circumstance, an English officer in the Chilean service was riding out of the city, when he saw a man attacking his wife with a knife. The officer jumped off his horse to intercede for the victim, when the husband immediately ripped up the officer's bowels and killed him. Murders are generally perpetrated in the most cowardly manner by stabs in the loins, and the villain is out of sight before the wounded person can turn round to face his assassin."

The account of the Pasco Mines, however, (now working by English capital) is the most interesting page of the volume; and copying it, we conclude:

"Before the traveller arrives at the town, he passes over an elevated plain, covered with cattle during the pasture season, forming an agreeable contrast to the mountains that encircle it. At the beginning and end of the rainy season, that is, in the months of December and May, it is considered dangerous to cross this plain, in consequence of the tremendous thunder and lightning prevailing there. It is thought that the clouds are attracted by the hills, and by the quantity of metallic substances contained in them: they seem to vent all their rage on this level spot, and spread terror, and even death; scarcely a season passing without accounts of new victims to the fury of the storms."

"The town of Pasco, properly so called, is fast going to decay, the vein of silver being much exhausted which attracted the population; but what is termed the Cerro de Pasco, or hill of Pasco, from its metallic wealth, was rapidly rising into consequence before the revolution broke out. The town is two or three leagues farther from Lima than Pasco itself, and is situated among the mines in a valley enclosed by mountains, and many of the buildings are erected on the slope of the hill from which it derives its name, and which is the source of its consequence. It is a large straggling place composed principally of inferior dwellings, with a few good houses interspersed among them without forming any regular streets."

"The climate is at all times unpleasant, and in winter it rains almost incessantly, accompanied by thunder and lightning, from which a number of accidents annually happen. In summer the atmosphere is clear, but the cold is greater than in the winter. Instead of fire-places or stoves, so necessary in cold countries, the natives make use of *braseros*, or brass pans, in which they burn either charcoal or a thin kind

of mossy peat, which covers the valley. It is placed in the middle of the room, and the family huddle round it; and it is said to be in a great degree the cause of the listlessness and unhealthiness of the inhabitants, their legs in general being ulcerated from the effect of the fire. None of the necessities of life are produced in the immediate neighbourhood; provisions, pasture, and even water, are brought from a distance, but the market is always well supplied.

"The minerals in the vicinity are extremely rich and various. In addition to the silver, which is often found almost pure, the country abounds in copper, iron, and tin, which are thrown by, as comparatively worthless. There are also gold mines about five leagues from Pasco, and veins of quicksilver were begun to be worked a short time before the revolution. A mine of quicksilver is valued, by the Peruvians, as highly as a mine of silver, the supply from Spain and Germany, for refining the ores, having always been very limited, and the price consequently dear. The only quicksilver mine in Peru, before the discovery of the veins near Pasco, was that of Huancavelica. This place is one of the greatest singularities in the world, with a complete town, and its cathedral in the bowels of the earth. In addition to its abundant ores, Pasco has mountains of excellent coal in its immediate vicinity, which, when the country is free from contending parties, will afford the greatest facility to the working of the mines by steam-engines.

"The most curious mine near Pasco is that of Matagente, probably called so from the number of persons who, from time to time, have perished in it. It occupies a large space under ground, and in the interior there is an extensive lake in perfect darkness. The mine itself has been unworked for years; but the Indians sometimes venture down to rob the pillars of ore which have been left to support the roof, and many, losing themselves in the labyrinth of turnings, have been starved to death. The friend who gave me this account of it, once went over the mine, properly attended by lights and guides, and discovered the body of an Indian with the fingers gnawed off: doubtless the poor wretch had fallen a victim to his cupidity, and in the extremity of his hunger had begun to devour his own hands.

"Mining, as every body knows, is a very speculative business, and may be compared to gambling on a great scale, as it has the same influence over the passions. Vast capitals have been lost in it in Peru, and some splendid fortunes made. The proprietor of the richest mines in the district of Pasco inherits them from his father, who was in the first instance a Spanish ship-carpenter, and afterwards went to Pasco with a small stock of wares, and set up a shop. His name was Vives, and being frugal and industrious, he had amassed some money at a time when the proprietors of some valuable mines wished to dispose of them: they asked Vives if he would buy them? He was of course surprised at the offer, and answered that he had no adequate means of paying for them; but the proprietors having a good opinion of him, agreed to allow him a certain length of time for paying the instalments, amounting to about 300,000 dollars. This sum Vives paid off in a short period, and purchasing other mines, he subsequently became the richest man in Pasco.

"The ore is all brought out of the mines on the heads of Indians, who each carry in this manner about three arrobas, or seventy-five pounds. From the mouth of the mine it is conveyed by mules, or Llamas, to the haciendas, or smelting houses and mills, and is then taken to the previous to amalgamation,

are situated. This operation is sometimes a distinct business, and the miner, in that case, pays so much per cent. for the work, according to the richness of the ore. The silver, after being extracted from the ore, is called *Plata Pina*, and is without alloy; and in this state it is purchased by the capitalists in Pasco, who advance money to the miners. The silver is then melted into large bars, and, after paying the king's fifth, which amounts to about 15 per cent., it is sent to Lima on mules, and exchanged at the mint for the same weight in dollars, which are immediately transmitted back again to Pasco. The purchase of the silver, the transmission of it to Lima, and receiving back the dollars in exchange, occupied on an average a month, and was calculated to produce, clear of expenses, from 2 to 3½ per cent. profit on each journey, so that a capitalist would realise from 24 to 30 per cent. per annum on the money thus employed, without risk, as the price of silver was always steady, and, before the revolution, robbery on the road was rarely heard of: the muleteers who carried the silver were answerable for their charge.

"The machinery employed in Pasco belonged to the house of Arismendi and Abadia: it is supposed that it cost them about a million of dollars, and it was just beginning to work when the commencement of hostilities destroyed all the golden prospects of this once famous house. They were to receive a per centage for clearing the mines of water, on all the ore extracted, and it was calculated that, in a very short time, they would have reimbursed the large capital invested.

"Having mentioned the names of this house, once so celebrated in Peru and indeed throughout Europe, I will here give a short account of its fall, connected as it is with the history of Peru. Abadia, a Spaniard by birth, was a man of enlightened principles, and of a well-cultivated understanding; he spoke English and French fluently, having learnt the former during his residence in the United States. His house was always open, and his table was frequented by the foreigners who happened to be in Lima: English officers, before the arrival of San Martin from Chili, were always especially welcome in the *Casa de las Philipinas*. Arismendi appears to have been the plodding man of business, and to have had the whole management and superintendence of the counting-house. They rose to such a height of importance in Lima, that the viceroy never did any thing without consulting them, and it was by the persuasion of Abadia that the royalist troops first evacuated Lima. A short time before this event, General Arenales having been detached by San Martin to raise the inhabitants of the interior behind Lima, had penetrated through the Sierra to Pasco, where he defeated the Spanish General O'Reilly.

"In this conflict Pasco suffered severely: the machinery was much damaged, and all working of the mines suspended. San Martin having entered Lima, Arismendi and Abadia were as useful to him as they had before been to the viceroy, and the Spaniards in consequence determined to do their utmost to ruin the establishment, at once to gratify their own revenge, and to destroy their influence with the enemy. With this view Loriga, who commanded for the Spaniards in Xauxa, employed two monks, spies of San Martin, whom he had taken in the Sierra, to carry back to San Martin a forged letter, purporting to be from Abadia to a royalist general, detailing a series of events in Lima. The friars readily undertook the office; San Martin was deceived, and Abadia was thrown into prison, and he with difficulty escaped with his life. In the mean time Arismendi, to support the credit of the house, shaken

by these events, and by the heavy losses they had incurred, forged bills of lading of silver by the Hyperion and Superb; and finally, to avoid detection and punishment, having got together all the property he could collect, he one night disappeared. He had previously embarked his property on board an English vessel, which waited for him at Ancon, a few leagues north of Lima.

"Abadia, the suffering, and, as is believed, the honest partner, was thus entirely ruined: he has since continued to reside at Guayaquil, respected but poor, while his wife and child, and a junior partner, live in Lima on some little property which could not be taken from them. The remainder of the mining machinery belonging to this once powerful house, was destroyed on the last visit of the royalist general, Loriga, who entered Pasco with 600 men, and thus completed the vengeance which had been commenced by the forgery of the letter of Abadia. This last calamity took place while I was in Lobjillo, on my way to Pasco. Several English engineers came out from Cornwall with the machinery, and were much respected and beloved by the Peruvians; but, since the destruction of the works, most of them have quitted the country, but have left their representatives behind them in a number of light curly haired children, known in Pasco by the name of *Los Inglesitos*. These scientific men invariably gave an extraordinary account of the richness of the mines of Pasco, and asserted that they should be satisfied with what the natives threw away in their careless and slovenly mode of working: 'the refuse contained sufficient silver to enable them to realize fortunes by extracting it, if they were allowed to do so.'

Some notices of the prominent men who figure in the South American struggles may also be referred to as interesting to readers.

Dramatic Table Talk. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Knight & Lacey.

This compilation is one of a class which the publishers (feeling probably the prevailing public appetite for anecdote and light reading) are producing on various subjects. We have had, for instance, since the miscellaneous collection entitled the *Percy, the Law Illustrated* by the volumes called "Westminster Hall, &c." and the *Church* under the title of "Lambeth and the Vatican;" the *Fine Arts* are promised—and here is the *Stage*. The Stage is the tritest topic of them all: but even upon that, aided by the popularity of the matter, the industry of the Doers has accumulated a mass of amusing story. Such a work requires no critical remark, and we shall therefore only show of what sort of stuff it is made, by selecting (in the present instance from the first volume) a few of the shortest pieces, which appear to us to possess the greatest novelty.

"*Coke, and the Scotch Manager.*—During one of the seasons when the celebrated George Frederick was delighting some of our northern neighbours in 'the Land of Cakes,' with his inimitable performances, the night being very hot, and the Tragedian having acted his best, towards the close of the evening, as might be guessed, he felt not a little fatigued. The managerial monarch perceived this, and, between one of the scenes in Bosworth Field, he took the mimic hunchback into his dressing room, and unlocking a corner cupboard, he selected a *wee thistle* glass, and filling it with native whiskey, presented it to George Frederick, exclaiming, 'Here Maister Kuke, I dinna think this will hurt ye.'—'No,' says George, glancing at the size of the glass, 'no, my friend, not if it was *retinol*.'

"*A Substitute for the Scriptures.*—When Woodward, the actor, resided in Dublin, about the year 1760, a mob one morning beset the parlia-



ment-house in that city, in order to prevent the members of it from passing an unpopular bill. Such as were supposed to belong to the court party experienced the grossest insults; and some of the ringleaders, thinking it necessary to make their representatives swear that they would not assent to the bill, surrounded Mr. Woodward's house, which was opposite to the parliament-house, in College-green, and called repeatedly to the family to throw them a Bible from the window. Mrs. Woodward was greatly alarmed at the request; unluckily, not having at the time such a book in her possession. Her husband, however, in the midst of her agitation, snatched up, with great presence of mind, a volume of Shakespeare's plays, which, tossing out of the dining-room window, he told the insurgents they were very welcome to. Upon this, they gave three cheers; and the ignorant rabble administered their oath to several of the Irish senators upon the works of our old English bard, which was afterwards returned by them, in safety, to the owner.

"*Imitation of a Cow.*—Mr. James Boswell, the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson, when a youth, went to the pit of Covent Garden Theatre, in company with Dr. Blair, and, in a frolic, imitated the lowing of a cow; and the universal cry in the galleries was, 'Encore the cow! encore the cow!' This was complied with, and, in the pride of success, Mr. Boswell attempted to imitate some other animals, but with less success. Dr. Blair, anxious for the fame of his friend, addressed him thus: 'My dear sir, I would confine myself to the cow.'

"*Stage Criticism.*—Doctor, afterwards Sir John Hill, author of some farces, and a paper called 'The Inspector,' went into the green room of Covent Garden Theatre, and addressing himself to Mrs. Woffington, of celebrated memory, and the first of actresses, he questioned her, whether or no she had seen 'The Inspector' of that day? To which she answered in the negative. The Doctor replied, 'because, if you had, you would have seen my opinion of your performance, last night, in the character of *Calista*.' 'I am much obliged to you, sir,' replied the lady, 'for your kind intentions towards me; but, unfortunately, the play of that evening was obliged to be changed to "Journey to London," in which I played the part of *Lady Towneley*.'

"*Barthe.*—Barthe, the French dramatic author, was remarkable for selfishness. Calling upon a friend, whose opinion he wished to have on a new comedy, he found him in his last moments; but, notwithstanding, proposed to him to hear it read. 'Consider (said the dying man) I have not more than an hour to live.'—'Aye (replied Barthe), but this will occupy only half the time.'

ORIGINES. BY SIR W. DRUMMOND.
2 vols. 8vo.

In our first notice of this work, though our remarks applied generally, we confined our extracts to that portion of it which treats of the Babylonian Empire. The second book investigates the Antiquities, &c. of the Assyrian Monarchy—the Records of Nineveh or Ninus; and the third those of Iran. In both these divisions there is much matter of valuable learning; but we can only glance at it, for the second volume, which is given to the still more important subject of Egypt, remains yet behind.

In attempting to ascertain the geographical position of Nineveh, Sir W. Drummond rejects the opinion that it was situated where either the modern or ancient Mosul stands, on the Tigris; and in arguing this question, he incidentally illustrates another of high classical interest.

"The traditions of the inhabitants of Mosul appear to me to be of very little authority. The time is passed when conjecture, appealing to legendary tales, could give the lie to probability; and when fiction, wearing the veil of antiquity, could escape the detection of criticism. Credulity has been taught some useful lessons on the plain of Troy, where travellers, deceived by local traditions, long mistook the ruins of Alexandria Troas for those of the ancient Ilium. Perhaps the day is not distant, when antiquarians will acknowledge, that they have been as much in error about the site of the city of Ninus, as they once were about that of the Pergamus of Homer."

Instead of being opposite to Mosul, the author states some cogent reasons for believing that Nineveh "occupied the space between the Tigris and the Zabatus, or Lycus, for an extent of several miles immediately above the confluence of those rivers." To his curious researches, in support of this hypothesis, in Diodorus, Strabo, the Scriptures, and Zenophon, we can only refer. Nor can we do much more with respect to the inquiry into the origin of the Iranian Empire. Speaking of the ancient chronology of this part of the world, Sir W. Drummond inclines to the data furnished by the Guebre Mohsin, one of the Suphi, and the disciple of the famous Dara Shikob; and he observes—

"Whatever objections be urged against the chronological statements of Mohsin, it may not be the less true, that this author copied them from manuscripts secretly preserved by the sect to which he belonged. It appears indeed, that the whole system of his chronological reckoning is interwoven with the superstitions of the Tsabeans. The sect, of which he was a member, and which he tells us was anciently called Iranian, Yezedian, Yezdanian, with many other epithets, adored the host of heaven, and believed in the influence of the stars over all mundane affairs. Besides the usual computation by Solar years, these Yezdianians reckoned time according to two different periods, which they called *kiral* and *phiral*. By the word *kiral*, they understood the period in which a planet revolves round the Sun. The word *phiral*, composed of *phir*, splendour, and *al*, a year, indicated the period in which a planet makes 360 revolutions round the Sun. Thus the *kiral* of Saturn, being reckoned in round numbers at 30 Solar years, was equal to one day of the *phiral*; and the *phiral*, or brilliant year of this planet, was equal to 10,800 Solar years. The author informs us, that a revolution of Saturn is one day; that 30 such days make one month; 12 such months one year; 1,000,000 of such years one *ferd*; 1,000,000 of *ferds* one *werd*; 1,000,000 of *werds* one *merd*; 1,000,000 of *merds* one *jad*; 3000 *jads* one *vad*; 2000 *vads* one *zad*; and that according to this reckoning the Mahabadian monarchy lasted 100 *zads* of years.

"It must be evident that in compiling this strange chronological *farrago*, the Yezdianians intended to show, that they believed the human race to have existed for a period only not eternal. Accordingly the author tells us immediately after, that they (the Yezdianians) maintain that the origin of the human race is unknown, and that it does not come within the compass of human knowledge.

"The Yezdianians also employed the following numerical terms—*Selan* = 100,000—*Semar* = 100 *Selans*—*Bislar* = 100 *Semars*—*Aradeh* = 100 *Bislar*—*Aaradeh* = 100 *Aradehs*—*Raz* = 100 *Aaradehs*—*Aaras* = 100 *Rases*—and finally *Biaras* = 100 *Aarases*.

"According to Mohsin the Jyanian dynasty reigned during 100 *Semar* of years; and as these years were *phirals*, and reckoned according to

the revolutions of the planet Saturn, the period must have been equal to a number of Solar years, which it would require a long line of cyphers to express.

"It would be idle to waste more time in speaking of the chronological dreams of the Yezdianians. Their object was apparently to impress their followers with the idea, that no date can be assigned to the existence of the world, or to the origin of the human race; but that the supreme God, (of whom it is only justice to say that they entertained the most exalted notions,) had governed the universe from eternity, through the sidereal influences which had emanated from his essence. The system of the Tsabeans, though erroneous, was, in its origin at least, grand and imposing; but as we find it to have been understood by the ancient Persians, it appears to have been already debased and deformed by the jejune reasoning, and inane speculations, of judicial astrologers.

"It is not improbable, however, that as the sacerdotal class, in almost all the countries of Asia, had an esoteric as well as an exoteric doctrine, there might have been a key to the enigmatical language of the Yezdianians which is now lost for us. Be this as it may, we must endeavour to confine their extravagant reckonings within the limits of probability."

Having touched upon this remarkable sect, our readers will we trust forgive us, if we start away from the volumes under notice to repair an omission of which we have long felt ashamed, and call their attention to another work which treats of the Sabaeans* and their doctrines at great length, and with much ingenuity. We allude to

LANDSEER'S SABAEN RESEARCHES.†

In this singular work, Mr. Landseer, after a jocular preface (a vein not often in tune with archaeological pursuits), investigates the engraved Hieroglyphics of Chaldean, Egypt, and Canaan; and lays before the public some interesting specimens of Babylonian cylinders, and other inedited remains of antiquity, which are well worth attention as throwing a light upon the earliest history of the human species.

Mr. Landseer considers the ancient gems found among the ruins of Sardanapalus, Persepolis, and other cities of the most remote antiquity, not to have been amulets or talismans, but *signets* or *seals* for ratifying contracts. The Book of Job, he says (perhaps the oldest book extant), has the most frequent allusions to their use in this way.

We regret that the perpetual reference to the engraved gems prevents us from going into Mr. Landseer's work, which makes very free with many traditions, and certainly ventures many very bold hypotheses. Perhaps we cannot do better than endeavour to exhibit his style and manner by quoting a few of the passages which relate to the use of these engraved stones as *Seals* impressed most anciently on clay, and afterwards on other materials.

"When the prophet Haggai writes in the name of the Most High, 'I will shake the heavens and the earth! and I will overthrow the throne of kingdoms, and I will destroy the strength of the heathen!—In that day will I take thee, O Zerubbabel, my servant, son of Shealtiel,

"* This word, which signifies worshippers of the stars, has been variously spelled, and by authors of high respectability. Among them are Hottinger, Jones, and Sir William Drummond. The last is probably right in affirming that *sz* at the beginning gives the true pronunciation.

† *Sabaen* is, by most lexicographers, derived from the Hebrew word *for an Host*, or from the proper name of the patriarch Saba, the son of Cush; but, by Wilkins, it is derived, with more probability perhaps, from the Arabic *Sabdu*, a star, rising or coming forth. See his Arabic and Persian Dictionary, vol. i. p. 586."

‡ In quarto—published so long ago as 1823. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. The engravings are peculiarly curious and valuable.

and will make thee as a *signet*! for I have chosen thee—saith the Lord of Hosts.* I say, when the heaven-commissioned prophet writes thus, he does not mean, as by ordinary figurative interpretation is generally understood, that God will take Zerubbabel, and make him as a seal; but more emphatically, that he will make him instrumental in conveying divine intelligence: a sacred denoter of mysterious and invisible things. All of which prophetic language (according to some commentators), relates to the important advent of the appearance of the Messiah.

"For this reason too, when, as above cited, the gates of the temple of Baal were closed, and the king's signet was affixed, the impression stood there as the visible mark of 'the divinity that doth hedge a king'; as a sacred sign it stood, lending virtually present to the spectator's mind that royal will and authority, which else were absent and invisible.

"Not Was it thus in *Babylon alone*, but in all the great oriental nations: perhaps because they were all of Sabæan origin. The instrument which transferred the exercise of the royal power and authority from the King of Egypt to the young Hebrew interpreter from the prison-house, was the signet (as mentioned in my first letter); and in the Book of Esther we read, that it was not less the visible mark of the royal will, throughout the vast empire of Persia.

"To the proclamation from *Susa* for the destruction of the Jews, the sign manual of the sovereign was affixed in no other way than by application of the signet,* which the king took from his own hand, and intrusted to Haman for the purpose; and when this proclamation was reversed, the king again took off his ring which he had taken from Haman, and gave it unto Mordecai.

"I ought to notice here, that regal signets, used as instruments of authority in the signature and promulgation of public edicts, appear to have crept into use after the age of Solomon, and perhaps from the time when the monarchical power of Saul was superseded on the republic of Moses. Whether they contained celestial signs, or more than verbal inscriptions of the names and office of the kings, is no where recorded; but with one of these Jezebel appears to have signed her forged letters to the elders: and in the time of the prophet Jeremiah, very particular mention is made of another signet, used as an instrument of legality in the purchase of a field, from which it would appear to have been the custom of the Hebrew conveyancers in the reign of Zedekiah, to deposit a sealed copy of every deed of transfer of landed property in some public office. Furthermore; the most important occasion of Hebrew sealing that is anywhere upon record, is that of the ratification of the new covenant by the 'princes, Levites, and priests,' which is particularly detailed by Nehemiah. Sealing is here obviously tantamount to signing, or rather is signing; and it seems pretty clear, from the specification of the names of the signing priests and chiefs, and from other circumstances, that among the Jews the astronomical signets of the patriarchal ages had by this time been superseded by signets bearing the respective names of their proprietors. It will be recollected that Nehemiah was cup-bearer to the Persian king, (Artaxerxes Longimanus, as is supposed,) at the court of Susa."

It appears that signets were given by kings, (as by Pharaoh to Joseph, and as is continued to our day when we speak of the seals of office,) as emblems of deputed authority or appointments.

"* This particular signet of the Persian monarch was clearly a seal ring, and might, or might not, have been of the cylindrical form. There is a small Sabæan signet of hematite thus mounted at the British Museum, of which I shall discourse in a future page."

Connected by a string to a staff or sceptre (as the individual was private or royal) a seal was, probably, carried by every Babylonian, and also by natives of other ancient countries, in order to affix it to such covenants as they made. They were also put to religious and other uses, even before the time of Moses; and in after years were worn attached to armlets, rings, and necklaces. Their astrological and horoscopic connexions are also numerous and remarkable; and the fact of their becoming themselves sacred from being employed as sacred pledges, might be the subject of an excellent separate essay on the birth and progress of idolatry. But we have said enough to point the way to such of our readers as are interested in these researches: the vast majority will, we are persuaded, rather turn to the more various matter to which our columns must be devoted.

* They might be "the Graven Images" forbidden by the Hebrew legislator, which are contra-distinguished from the molten images.

SIGNS OF BOOKS.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE: LITERARY CURIOSITY. *The Seven Seas; a Dictionary and Grammar of the Persian Language.* By his Majesty* the King of Oude. In seven parts. Printed at his Majesty's Press, in the city of Lucknow, 1822. 7 vols. folio; 15 inches in length, and 11 in breadth.

THIS is a truly splendid work, which the Sultan of Aud (Oude) Abulmussaffir Muiseiddin Schahi Seman Ghasieiddin Haider Padischah, (i.e. Father of the Victorious, the Adorer of the Faith, the Schah of the Age, the Conqueror of the Faith, the Lion, the Padischah,) has himself composed, and given several copies to the East India Company to be distributed in Europe. The first six volumes contain the Dictionary, and the seventh the Grammar. On every page, above the number, are the arms of the Sultan—two lions, each holding a standard; two fish, a throne and crown, a star, and waves of the sea. The two lions express the proper name, Haider, which signifies lion. The standard, the throne, crown, and stars, allude to the above titles; and the waves, probably, to the title of the book. Since the time of Abulfeida, the learned Prince of Hamah, of the Dynasty Ejub (who died in 1332), who is well known in Europe as a great historian and geographer, no Asiatic prince has done such essential service to the sciences, in the shape of an author, as the Sultan of Aud, by the compilation and publication of this most complete of all Persian Dictionaries. Mr. V. Hammer (to whom the work has been sent by John Company) announces, that when he has examined all the seven volumes, he will publish a detailed account of their contents, and exhibit all the pearls of philological affinity, between the Persian and German especially, which he may have fished up out of the *Seven Seas*.

* Here the original has the names of the Sultan, as given below, in the Persian language.

The Novice, or the Man of Integrity. From the French of L. B. Picard. 3 vols. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, 1825.

THERE is a considerable share of amusement in these pages: human nature is sketched, as it ever will be when sketched *en masse*, bad enough; but it is done very entertainingly. Like the swallow, M. Picard skims the surface exceedingly well; and the revolution has thrown up so much skum, that his writings seem made for the age, and the age for them.

Ignes de Castro; a Tragedy by Antonia Ferreira.

Translated from the Portuguese by Thomas Moore Musgrave. 12mo. pp. 179. J. Murray. THIS is a very neat translation of a tragedy by one of the elder Portuguese poets; and though

we think the form of the ancient drama, with its long choruses, is not the most affecting manner of telling the melancholy tale, yet it has not lost any of its interest by its English dress. There is a well written introduction to the translation, which shows much cultivated taste in the author.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CORONATION.

As all the newspapers are filled with the details of the crowning of Charles X. we have abandoned our design of inserting a long account of that ceremony; and content ourselves with the following, which will afford a historical contrast, while it shows how vain and uncertain are the pomps of life.

Extract from the Procès Verbal of the ceremony of the Anointing and Coronation of their Majesties the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine.

THE ceremony took place at Notre Dame, on the 3d of November, 1804. A grand portico extended the whole breadth of the west front of the Cathedral—the architecture corresponded with that of the Church; it was formed of four grand gothic arches, sustained by four pillars, on which were placed statues representing the thirty-six cities invited to the ceremony. On the two principal pillars were the statues of Clovis and Charlemagne, founders of the monarchy; about the centre of the arch were the arms of the Emperor, supported by figures representing the 16 cohorts of the Legion of Honour—the whole crowned by gothic pyramids, terminated by the Eagles of the Empire; the oriflamme of the empire, fastened to a high mast, floated in the centre, and on the height of the towers of the church.

Galleries were formed in the portico for the public to see the procession, and the ground was carpeted with Gobelin tapestry.

The interior of the church had three ranks of tribunes round the nave and the choir: the Emperor's throne was placed under a triumphal arch, supported by eight columns, at the entrance of the grand nave; the arch was decorated with bas-reliefs and the arms of the Emperor, and occupied the whole breadth of the nave.

The choir was reserved for the clergy; the Pope's throne, raised eleven steps in the sanctuary and decorated with his arms, was on the left of the altar; the Cardinals sat on benches covered with red velvet in front of the throne, and their attendants were behind them.

The church was hung with silk, velvet, and cloth with fringe, lace, and the Emperor's arms embroidered in gold.

Twenty-four magnificent lustres were suspended from the roof, and girandoles placed on all the pillars.

For three days previous, pickets of the six battalions of grenadiers and light infantry, and pickets of the gendarmes, occupied the posts and avenues of the cathedral and Archbishop's palace, under the orders of General Duroc.

On the morning of the ceremony, at seven o'clock, the military deputations had taken their places in the church; they were succeeded by the grand officers of the legion of honour, generals, and public functionaries who arrived, and were placed before eight o'clock.

At eight o'clock the senate and principal officers of the supreme courts went to the church; at nine the foreign ambassadors arrived, escorted by 100 horse; and immediately after several German princes.

At the same hour his Holiness left the Tuilleries between two lines of troops, which extended from the palace to the cathedral: the first carriage contained the senators Deviry and Debrigode, the Emperor's chamberlains; and Signor

Desalmatoris Hin, master of ceremonies on duty for the Pope. The second carriage contained the Duke of Braschi Honesti, and Prince Altieri, commandants of the Pope's noble guard, the Bailli Ruspoli, and the Marquis Sacchetti; it was preceded by Monsignor Speroni, cross-bearer, mounted on a white mule: next followed the Pope's carriage, with his Holiness, and the Cardinals Leonardo, Antonelli, and Pietro; Colonel Durosnel, equerry to the Emperor, rode by the carriage door. Next followed six carriages, containing the suite of his Holiness.

His Holiness alighted at the Archbishop's palace. The religious ornaments for the ceremony were placed on four tables for his Holiness's examination; in the meantime the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris went to the cathedral to receive his Holiness at the head of the French Clergy.

His Holiness having put on his papal ornaments, went with the tiara on his head in procession to the cathedral. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris received him at the entrance, and gave him the cross to kiss; he then walked on to the throne, the imperial music playing the anthem, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my Church," &c. The Sovereign Pontiff, seated on the throne, received the homage of the Bishops, who kissed his stole and retired, making profound reverences.

At ten o'clock their Majesties left the Tuilleries; a salvo of artillery announced their departure. The procession was opened by four squadrons of carabineers, four of cuirassiers, the squadrons of the light horse of the guard, with platoons of Mamelukes: Marshal Murat, governor of Paris, was with his staff at their head. The procession marched in the following order:

- The heralds at arms on horseback.
- A carriage for the master of the ceremonies.
- Four carriages for the great military officers.
- Three for the ministers.
- One for the grand chamberlain, the grand equerry, and the grand master of the ceremonies.
- One for the arch-chancellor and arch-treasurer.
- One for the princesses.
- The carriage of the Emperor, in which were their Majesties, and Princes Joseph and Louis.
- One for the grand marshal of the palace, the grand almoner, and the grand master of the chace.
- One for the lady of honour, &c. of the Empress.
- Three for the ladies of the palace, and the Empress's chamberlain.
- One for the almoners of their Majesties.
- Four for the officers of their Majesties.
- Four for the ladies and officers of the Princes and Princesses.
- One for the officers of the grand dignitaries.

The Emperor's carriage was drawn by eight horses—all the other carriages by six horses.

Their Majesties proceeded first to the Archbishop's palace, where they were received by his Grace; here his Majesty put on his imperial mantle, and walked to the cathedral attended by his officers, as follows:

- The ushers, four in front.
- The heralds, two in front.
- The pages, four in front.
- The masters of the ceremonies.
- M. Segur, grand master of the ceremonies.
- Marshal Serurier, bearing a cushion to receive the ring of the Empress, which he had presented to her Majesty before the ceremony; on his left Col. Vatie, equerry; on his right M. Beaumont, chamberlain.
- Marshal Monecy, bearing the corbeille to receive the Empress's mantle, accompanied by M. Harnecourt and d'Abusson.
- The Empress, with the imperial mantle, but without crown or ring.
- The Princesses—Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline, supporting her mantle.
- Madame de Rochefort, lady of honour to the Empress.
- Madame de la Valette, dame d'honneur.
- Ten ladies of the palace.
- Marshal Kellerman, bearing the crown of Charlemagne.
- Marshal Lefevre, bearing the sceptre of Charlemagne.
- Marshal Berthier, bearing the sword of Charlemagne.
- Colonel Bernhardt, bearing the Emperor's collar.
- Colonel Beaunharnois, bearing the Emperor's ring.
- Marshal Berthier, bearing the imperial globe.
- M. Talleyrand, grand chamberlain, bearing the corbeille for the Emperor's mantle.
- Each supported by two officers.

The Emperor, bearing in his hands the sceptre and sword of justice.

The Princes Joseph and Louis, and Cambaceres and Lebrun, supporting the Emperor's mantle.

The ministers, four in front.

The marshals of the empire not employed in bearing the banners—Augereau, Massena, Jourdan, Lannes, and Ney.

The other grand military officers, four in front.

On his Majesty's arrival at the portico, a salvo of artillery was fired.

The Holy Water was presented to the Empress by Cardinal Cambaceres, and to the Emperor by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, De Belloy.

The Emperor and Empress went and sat down on seats prepared for them in the sanctuary. The moment their Majesties entered the choir, the Pope descended from the throne, went to the altar, and commenced the *Veni Creator*.

During this hymn and the prayer that followed it, the arch-chancellor went and received the sword of justice from the Emperor, and the arch-treasurer the sceptre.

The grand officer appointed to bear the collar went to the grand chamberlain, who took it from his Majesty's neck and gave it him. They then took off the mantle. The Emperor drew his sword, and delivered it to the Constable.

The same ceremony took place with the Empress's officers, and the grand dignitaries went and deposited the several objects on the altar.

After the *Veni Creator* was finished, the Pope sat down, and, with his mitre on his head, asked the Emperor the following questions:

"Dear Son in Jesus Christ, do you profess and promise before God and his angels, to make the law to be kept—to render justice to all your subjects—to maintain peace in the Church of God, with the aid of his grace, in the manner you shall judge most proper, with the advice of your faithful counsellors—and to see that the Pontiffs of the Church enjoy the respect and honours which are due to them, according to the holy canons?"

The Emperor, touching the Gospel with both hands, answered "Profitetur."

The Pope then recited the following prayer:

"Almighty and Eternal God, Creator of all things, Sovereign of Angels, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords—thou who madest thy faithful servant Abraham triumph over his enemies—who gave the victory to Moses and Joshua—who took David from obscurity to place him on the throne—who endowed Solomon with the gift of wisdom, and made him reign in peace—hear our most humble prayers, and shed thy most abundant benedictions on thy servant Napoleon, whom we are about to consecrate Emperor of the French, and the Empress his spouse. Surround them with thy strength and power on all occasions; so that, endowed with the fidelity of Abraham, the meekness of Moses, the strength of Joshua, the humility of David, and the wisdom of Solomon, they may please thee in all things, and walk with a firm and sure step in the path of justice: and may they, oh God! be protected by thy power, and possessed of those divine arms which nothing can resist; triumph happily, and according to our desires, over all their enemies; may they inspire them with a salutary dread, and procure the faithful who honour and serve thee a solid and lasting peace, through Jesus Christ, our Sovereign Lord; who, by the virtue of the cross, overcame the powers of hell, and triumphed over the spirit of darkness; who ascended gloriously to heaven; and to whom belongs, by excellence, all power, an eternal reign," &c. &c.

After a few more prayers in the same style, the Pope gave him the triple unction, and proclaimed him Emperor; he then blessed all the imperial ornaments; and his Majesty having sworn to preserve the territory of the Republic, to govern according to law, and with no other

view than of the interest and happiness of the French, the farce of the coronation ended; and his Imperial Majesty was so impatient to get out, that he repeatedly bumped Cardinal Fesch's seat of honour with the sceptre, to make him mend his pace.

Extract of a letter from M. Guys, Vice-Consul of France, dated Latakia, the 9th Sept. 1824, and addressed to the President of the Society of Geography at Paris.

I have just arrived from Beirut, which is now the first commercial town in Syria. Though I have followed a beaten track, I am inclined to believe that an itinerary of my route may be found of some interest, and if you should consider it so, you will have the goodness to lay it before your useful society.

I left Tripoli on the 8th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and at five we arrived at Calmon, the ancient Lasis, where we could not find the slightest vestige of antiquity. Not far from this I was shown the grotto which St. Marina had inhabited. Belmont, a large monastery situated on the side of Mount Libanus, stood on our left, and Nourie, another monastery, a little to the right; the latter is built on the borders of the sea on a projecting point. We continued our journey through a valley, and at seven o'clock we arrived at Cape Rouge, under which the ships take shelter when the wind blows with violence from the south-west. There are two shops here which furnish provisions to sailors and to passengers, but the only thing to be got is bad bread and worse wine, and occasionally some fish when the weather is calm. We soon reached the mountain of Messelbeh, which is composed of a clayey soil, and the path over which is so narrow that it is impossible to cross it after the rain. On descending at the other side, we found ourselves in a thickly wooded valley: on a neighbouring height stood the ruins of a fort which had been built by the Crusaders. On leaving this valley, we entered the plain of Batron (the ancient Btryod) at the end of which stands the small town of that name, inhabited by Maronites; its little port is in ruins, and the remains of a wall of great thickness indicate that it was constructed by the ancients. We left Batron very early on the 9th, and directed our course along the seashore, leaving several villages, situated on the rising ground, to our right. We found no resting places on our road except a few shops, such as those I have already mentioned. At twelve o'clock we entered Gibel, (the ancient Byblos,) the port of which is in ruins, as is the case with almost all the towns on the coast of Syria; the ancient castle is still standing, and is now the residence of the muftissem or governor. There are several columns of granite in the church and in the mosque, and they bear evident signs of having belonged to ancient temples; I observed several of them on leaving the city, on the road to Beirut. The wind being pretty sharp, and our road lying along the borders of the sea, we were very well able to travel although it was in the middle of the dog days. At three o'clock, we reached the great river Adonis, now called the Nahr Ibrahim. The bridge over this river is of one arch, and is very narrow and of a most fatiguing height: it was built by the Arabs. They served us here, for the first time, some of the wine called wine of gold. After a journey of three hours over a most detestable road, we arrived at the Gulf of Giuni. The peaks of the mountains, which are very elevated in this part of the country, are all crowned with churches, and there are several monasteries situated on the sides of the hills amidst large villages inhabited by Maronites. The sound of bells, which

invaded my ears from all sides, transported me in imagination to the land of Christianity. This portion of Mount Libanus is known by the name of Castravan, and is the richest part of that region, being covered with mulberry-trees, which grow in perfection. This territory produces the wine I have spoken of, for the sake of which the Mussulmans frequently forget the law of their prophet. The road being very beautiful from Giumi to Nahr-el-Kelb, I determined to rest for the night on the banks of the latter river. The traveller is in perfect safety in all the country dependent on the power of the Emir Bechir, who governs the entire territory of Libanus. It was dark when we reached the river. I mounted my horse the next morning at day-break, and after crossing the bridge, which consists of three arches, and is a work of the Romans, I found myself directly in front of a lofty mountain, known to geographers by the name of the Chemiz. On advancing a few steps in this direction, I found myself immediately under an inscription, which was almost entirely effaced; I however believe it to be of Phenician origin, and to have been put up to commemorate the opening of the passage made for the purpose of facilitating the communications with the country. Of the second inscription I observed, I was so fortunate as to be able to take an exact copy, it being situated conveniently for the purpose, and the day being perfectly clear. I have the honour of sending you a copy of it.* Nahr-el-Kelb is the Lycus of the ancients, and is a very rapid river. After I had taken a sketch of the works of this place, and which, as the inscription informs us, were repaired by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, we found ourselves on the Gulph of Beirut, and, after travelling for five hours through a wood of mulberry trees, we arrived at the city at half-past five. This is the ancient Berita--the city of Neptune--of Astarte--as we may judge by the reverses of the medals found here, all of which are imprinted with their effigies. I embraced my brother, the Vice-Consul of France, and then went in search of antiquities. As had been the case through all my journey, I could find nothing but columns interspersed here and there, and the greater part of them overturned. The port of Beirut is in ruins. Vessels come to anchor in front of the city in summer, and in winter at the river Nahr-el-Salib, where they find shelter from the prevailing wind. The caravansaries were full of caravans, several of which come here from Persia. A considerable trade is carried on at Beirut in the article of silk, which is sent hence in great quantities to Marseilles, to Leghorn, and to Algiers. This city may be called the mart of all Syria. I counted eleven ships of large burthen in the harbour, and there are frequently double that number. The Europeans have formed several establishments here, and the English East India Company are represented by a consul. Beirut has been in the power of the Turks only since the year 1783, when the Druses suffered themselves to be dislodged from it by Djezzar Pacha; they, however, still occupy the gardens in the environs, and recognise no other authority than that of the Emir Bechir. I left this city on the 20th July, and on the 23d, at day break, we came in view of Mount Cassius, and a few hours after I was in my hotel at Latakia, dreading every moment to see it fall upon me. It was six months since a shock of an earthquake had been felt here before; but the earth still trembles in Persia at the moment I write to you.

* It is so imperfectly given that we forbear from copying it.—Ed.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

On Monday, the King's Theatre was crowded to witness the distribution of the honours and rewards adjudged by this Society. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex presided, and throughout the long ceremonial acquitted himself with peculiar effect; discriminating the merits of the various productions, and complimenting the candidates in a manner at once kind, dignified, interesting, and impressive.

In Agriculture and Rural Economy, there were five medals or rewards given---the most popularly attractive of which, were:

To Messrs. Cowley and Staines, Winslow, Bucks, for raising seed from the American-grass used in making fine plat, Twenty Guinea.

To Mr. W. Salisbury, Barossa Place, Brompton, for his communication respecting the material employed in Tuscany for fine plat, the Silver Ceres Medal.

In Chemistry, there were four parties distinguished; the most remarkable:

Mr. J. Roberts, St. Helen's, Lancashire, to whom, for his apparatus to enable persons to breathe in air loaded with smoke and other suffocating vapours, the large Silver Medal and Fifty Guinea were awarded.

The Chairman addressed Mr. Roberts in an able speech, from which we learnt that this ingenious individual was a working miner. His Royal Highness referred to this circumstance, as a proof that the Society did not overlook desert in humble life; and warmly eulogized the invention. The apparatus was put on and exhibited. It consists of a head-covering, whence descends a tube (like an elephant's trunk,) towards the ground; and, as flame and smoke ascend, the person thus accoutred is able to exist and act, where he could not otherwise live, in consequence of breathing the air from the lower strata, which is not heated or laden with noxious vapours like the superior strata. The thing is curious in appearance, but may certainly be made available to many important uses, for the preservation both of property and lives.

In the branch of Mechanics, fourteen distinctions were granted; among which, we remarked the following as particularly ingenious:

Mr. T. Griffiths, Royal Institution, for an expanding wedge for sawyers, the Silver Vulcan Medal.

W. Brockedon, Esq. Caroline-street, Bedford-square, for a mechanical apparatus to assist a weak knee-joint, the large Silver Medal.

And Colin Shakenet, Esq. Postmaster-General, Calcutta, for a portable rope bridge, the Gold Vulcan Medal.

The first of these, by which the wedge expands, and thus opens the cleft in wood, must be very convenient in carpentry. The second is an excellent design,---a slight steel apparatus effecting a most desirable mitigation of pain in the cases to which it applies, and enabling persons to move in their usual occupations, for which they would, otherwise, be unfit. The third is as light and elegant as the Chain Pier of Brighton itself. It comes from the east like a lover's ladder; only for a different purpose.

In Manufactures, the premiums were:

To Mr. R. Jones, master of St. George's work-house, Little Ghelsea, for cloth made of New Zealand flax, the Silver Ceres Medal and Five Guinea; and fourteen others (amounting to fifty-seven guineas in various sums of money, besides medals), for the making of bonnets of British materials, in imitation of Leghorn.

In Colonies and Trade, the rewards were:

To J. Mackay, Esq. Pictou, Nova Scotia, for an instrument for uprooting trees, the Gold Ceres Medal.

To Messrs. Petely and Wood, Van Diemens Land, New South Wales, for making and importing five tons of extract of Miuosa bark, for the use of tanners, the Gold Ceres Medal.

To M. Le Cadre, Trinidad, for his plantations of clove-trees in the Colony of Trinidad, Fifty Guinea.

In the Polite Arts, Drawings, Crayons, &c. by many fair and youthful hands, were honoured by suitable tributes of applause, and medals and palettes to keep in remembrance of their successful efforts. Models, Architectural Designs, Li-

thographic Specimens, Medal-die, and Gem Engraving, Carvings in Ivory, &c. were also rewarded. Among the more miscellaneous matters, we observed the presentation

To Mr. W. Savage, 11, Cowley-street, Westminster, for block printing in colours, in imitation of drawings, the large Silver Medal and Fifteen Guinea.

To Mr. J. R. Alcock, student in surgery, 11, New Burlington-street, for an original anatomical model in coloured wax, the Gold Isis Medal.

The Thanks of the Society were voted

To Capt. T. M. Bagnold, High-row, Knightsbridge, for his successful application of M. Appert's process to the preservation of lime-juice.

To the same gentleman, and to his brother, Capt. M. E. Bagnold, of Bombay, for an account of the process employed at Bombay for making twisted gun barrels and sword blades, in imitation of those made at Damascus.

To Mr. C. H. Deane, Charles-street, Deptford, for his improved key for house doors.

To Mr. Jas. Clement, Prospect-place, Newington Butts, for his stand for drawing boards of large area.

To Mr. C. Varley, Thornhaugh-street, for his mode of copying screws.

To Mr. Turrell, Clarendon-square, for his improved etching ground for engravers.

The papers on these subjects were ordered to be printed in the next volume of the Society's Transactions; and the Anniversary concluded with the vote of thanks

To M. Moreau, Soho-square, for his tabular view of British commerce; and to Mr. J. H. Abraham, Sheffield, for his magnet for extracting particles of iron and steel from the eyes of workers in that metal.

We ought to have noticed that the proceedings of this day (so interesting to many) were illustrated by one of those annual and luminous expositions which come from the able pen of its Secretary, Mr. Aikin.

COMET.

MR. GAMBARO, of Marseilles, has, we learn, discovered a new comet on the 19th of May, though a distinct observation was not got till the 27th, at Paris. It is near Gamma, in Cassiopeia, invisible to the naked eye, without tail or apparent nucleus, having the form of nebula which is easily distinguished, notwithstanding the light of the moon.

At a sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, M. Humboldt presented to the Academy a fragment of a mass of meteoric iron, which was found in Columbia, at a short distance from Santa Fé de Bogota, near the summit of a mountain. The entire mass weighed 3500 pounds, and required great labour to remove it to the forge of a smith who bought it for about five pounds, and who began by smelting a part of it with the intention of employing it for the uses of his trade. Having, however, found it too brittle for his purposes, he gave up the idea of working it, and even concealed the remainder of it through a fear lest his credit might be injured if it were known he employed such an inferior article. Fortunately, an eminent naturalist, M. Humboldt's correspondent, having accidentally learned the secret, obtained the mass of iron and analysed a part of it. The result of this analysis, by proving the existence of a certain quantity of nickel mingled with the ore, has put the aerial origin of this mass beyond a doubt. The aroliite, of which M. Humboldt has presented a fragment to the Academy, is one of the most curious mentioned in the history of Science.

The secretary read a notice addressed to the Academy, by Baron Ferussac, in which that gentleman states, that M. Poli, an Italian naturalist, having succeeded in procuring a living specimen of the genus of *argonauta*, has ascertained that this mollusca is not attached to the shell which it uses in sailing, as has been supposed by several modern naturalists. This observation is interesting, inasmuch as it serves to complete the history of a remarkable animal.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 28.—On Saturday the 21st instant, being the last day of Term, the following Degrees were conferred :

Bachelor in Divinity—Rev. M. W. Wilkinson, Worcester college.

Masters of Arts—E. Woodcock, Oriel college, grand compunder; E. Currie, A. Barber, Wadham college; Rev. H. Stephens, Oriel college; Rev. R. L. A. Roberts, Jesus college; W. Battiscombe, Pembroke college.

Bachelors of Arts—R. C. Champion, Magdalen college, grand compunder; M. R. Scott, Exeter college; H. R. Harrison, Lincoln college; C. L. Stephens, St. Mary hall; J. P. Rhoades, Wadham college; A. B. Handley, H. Pountney, F. Leicester, Queen's college; J. Markham, W. R. Markham, Christ church; J. Priestley, Trinity college; C. H. Magan, St. John's college; P. Tittle, A. Rogers, Jesus college.

On Wednesday, the first day of Trinity or Act Term, the following Degrees were conferred :—

Masters of Arts—D. K. Sandford, Christ church, Rev. J. Herbert, Wadham college, grand compunder; Rev. T. S. Escott, Lincoln college; G. P. Elliott, St. Mary hall; Rev. T. B. Holt, Queen's college; Rev. J. Mendis, Rev. J. Mendham, Rev. J. H. Davies, St. Edmund hall; Rev. C. H. T. Baumgarten, Rev. C. R. Ward, Magdalen hall; W. Gresley, Rev. W. A. Home, Rev. P. Saunders, students of Christ church; F. H. Pare, E. Bullock, P. W. Mure, J. Wood, Christ church; J. Cheales, E. Elton, A. Rowlandson, J. Haysh, Brasenose college; Rev. J. Harding, Balliol college; Rev. E. Jones, Jesus college; J. L. Pennefather; Rev. T. C. Commeline, Rev. T. S. Evans, St. Alban hall.

Bachelors of Arts—S. S. Palmer, Exeter coll., J. Odell, Christ church, grand compunder; J. P. Parry, T. J. Trevenen, Exeter college; T. Usnar, J. G. Graham, Queen's college; E. H. Tompson, R. Sanders, Magdalen hall; W. E. Wall, C. V. Shuckburgh, S. B. Toller, Trinity college; W. M. Ellis, C. H. Turner, J. Justice, Christ church; J. Taylor, W. Badnall, W. Serjison, J. North, Brasenose college; J. G. H. Bourne, W. Hamilton, Pembroke college; H. Fowle, University college; J. E. Winterbottom, W. L. Woods, St. John's college; E. H. Estcourt, M. Tucker, Balliol college; H. Vaughan, C. Maybery, T. Lloyd, Jesus college; W. S. Dear, Wadham college; J. C. Hayward, C. R. Jones, P. A. Cooper, H. Pruett, Oriel college; G. G. Smith, St. Alban hall.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 152. Harbour of Dieppe. J. M. W. Turner, R. A.—Our remarks have hitherto been more of a general than of a detached character, and in speaking of this artist's performance, we mentioned it as a splendid experiment on colours: and we should have left it without any farther comment but for the sake of others, who may not, like Mr. Turner, be able to leave nature out of the question, and still be great—but who, tempted by the light of his sunshine, may desert their own plain, simple, but true and unaffected style, in order to catch the eye, or serve as an exhibition trap. We throw out this hint as a warning to painters, who have reached a point in Art where excellence is found, not to leave the beaten track of nature for any trial of skill where she is utterly forgotten. The pencil of Mr. Turner, when he has so pleased, might vie with the first productions of the Flemish School, and we have artists whose works equal the best pictures of Rysdael or Hobbema. He has abandoned this course, and will probably not return to it at our bidding; but to the others we may not speak in vain, when we express a hope that they will continue in their original career, and not give us reason to apply to them also the proverb of "Was well, wanted to be better, took physic and died."

101. Slender, with the assistance of Shallow, courting Anne Page. C. R. Leslie, A.—Artists are not always happy in the titles of their subjects; and, in the present instance, we cannot help thinking that to assist the spectator in understanding what is so obvious, and so well known to every reader of Shakespeare, was a needless task. With regard to the performance itself, Mr. Leslie has given a different reading (if we may so express ourselves) to the character of Anne Page. The figure is beautiful and dignified: she appears as if pulling to pieces the flowers in her hand, which is suitable enough; but it is done with such nonchalance, with so

quiet and repelling a look, as would place the most audacious modern dandy in an awkward situation, and is uncalled for towards such a nothing as Slender. She wants, too, that arch expression which we have always been led to look for in the Anne Page of Shakespeare. In the character of Slender there is more of fear than of timidity, and his countenance is caricature. The latter remark applies to Shallow, but to him caricature has always been allowed; and what custom has sanctioned cannot be a reproach to Mr. Leslie. The painting, however, is a very clever performance on the whole; and though evidently got up with a view to the encounter of glare and glitter, has in itself a well poised mass of sober tones to bear out its own splendour, and to produce a good effect of the chiaro scuro, though in every respect far inferior to the Sancho of last season.

76. A Study. H. Howard, R. A.—A similar performance to that in the last year's Exhibition, and which so deservedly attracted attention from its resemblance to the admired works of the old masters, more especially to the heads of Leonardo da Vinci. We have had frequent occasion to observe, that from the talent and variety of the British School may be collected resemblances to every other; and allowing for the wonder-working hand of time, there can be no reason or justice in not allowing their worth merely because the artists are living, and because they may be purchased at any time. But this prejudice, we trust, is wearing gradually away.

130. The Widow. F. P. Stephanoff.—We can see nothing in this to admire but the execution: the sarcasm and the subject have been so often repeated, that we are not a little surprised that, with the power and talents which this artist possesses, he should have employed them on a satire of this kind. Why the fickleness of one sex should be held up to ridicule, without a counterpoise of the inconstancy of the other, can only be accounted for by men being the painters—not women, who could doubtless, if they chose, retort upon the scoffers. Young Landseer's "Widow"—a duck, whose drake has been killed—is worth a hundred of these human innuendoes.

287. The Delivery of Israel out of Egypt. F. Danby.—It is one thing to produce a local view under the splendour of a fairy vision, and another to give that of an effect from a miraculous interposition of the Author of Nature on his works, where the controul of the elements are to be exhibited in the action of his will. Here the pictorial, as well as the poetical licence, may be fully allowed. It is sufficient, if in the display of power there is a warrant that nature is not wholly left out, and that the recollection of the observant are brought to bear upon some striking phenomena in the character of the scene. In the picture of Mr. Danby there is a remarkable instance of this almost supernatural appearance in the line of the horizon, where the gleams of light are seen passing over the destruction that is consummating below. In the representation of this awful subject as a whole, the artist has acquitted himself with great skill, and has displayed a genius well qualified for accomplishing his utmost aim in subjects of this sublime character. We must observe, however, that in the introduction of his miraculous light he has, by a bold daring, injured his picture; it is a light on, not in the painting. The wild character of the country is well imagined, but the colour is bad.

285. My Den. J. S. Davis.—The whimsical application of the term to an artist's studio may be apt enough in some instances if literally taken; and in this particular we have to express our satisfaction at seeing a very clever performance in the mass of materials brought together. How-

ever various in character such appendages to a study may be, there is nothing but an exemplification of the pictorial character brought into view under judicious and harmonious effects of light, shade, and colour.

209. Hercules, Nessus, and Dejenira. R. T. Bone.—The design full of spirit and energy, with a back-ground landscape which would do no discredit to the most celebrated pencil of antiquity.

190. Taking a Buck. E. Landseer.—A beautiful study, in the spirit of Snyder or Rubens, with a character and action suited to such sports.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PORTRAITS. 1.

Suz leant her head bowed down upon her hand,
A delicate small hand, with a slight flush
Of red inside, as it had prest her cheek
And stolen its blush; that cheek was very pale:
'Twas not all sickness, sadness, or deep thought,
But as it mingled each and all of them.
Health were too rude a gift for her slight form;
And for her sadness,—'twas not that which springs
From evil fortune, sorrow, or disgust,
But that which ever waits upon deep thought.
Her dark hair was just parted on her brow,
Careless, yet graceful, for it suited well
A face which seemed not made for vanity;
And eloquent words were passing; and at times
Her eyes were raised and lighted up; they struck
Upon her spirit's own fine chords; at last
She spoke—her voice was low and tremulous—
With that beseechfulness of tone and air
Which is a woman's own peculiar charm.
Oh! never should a woman's words be more
Than sighs which have found utterance. L. E. L.

2.

His brow was like the marble, which the sun
Hath in meridian splendour shone upon,
Whitening away its every earthly stain;
With not a colour save one azure vein;
Too clear for health, to show that life was there,
Else it had been too statue-like, too fair:
And there were sunny curls; they were too bright,
Too like, alas! that mockery of light
In summer noontide hours—such as is thrown
O'er the pale whiteness of the funeral stone.
His mouth was feminine in loveliness,
But that its scornful smile could well express
Proud and high feelings; and his voice was low,
Those tones that to the heart directly go,
And cannot be forgotten: he seemed one
Who knew how dearly happiness is won;
Happiness! pleasure I should rather say,
Happiness never made on earth a stay—
But he is in the grave—the early grave,
Which ruined hopes, and withered feelings gave.
L. E. L.

SONG.

My own love, my dear love,
Thou tears were in my eyes,
When last I kiss'd thy forehead pale,
And drank thy lingering sighs.
The moon shone on the blue sky,
And her light fell on thee;
I bade thee swear by that light
An oath of faith to me.
I stood beside a fountain,
And in its silver wave
I saw my cheek was crimson,
By the shadow that it gave;
I'm again beside that fountain,
And the moon shines on my face,
And imaged in that mirror,
Is every feature's trace.
But the summer rose is faded
By the many tears I've wept,
And, oh! it is the token
How thy vow of faith was kept. L. E. L.

MUSIC.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

1. 'Mozart's Concertos for the Pianoforte'; arranged by J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co.

Two friends of Mozart's Music have always deeply regretted that so very considerable a portion of his works as his Pianoforte Concertos (whose inimitable melodies would alone have preserved his name from oblivion), are yet almost entirely unfit for use. Not only is a full orchestra indispensably necessary for their performance, (the pianoforte part, in their original form, being so barren and defective, as to leave nearly on every page blanks of seven or ten bars, where other instruments take up the subject,) but even the little that is written out for the pianoforte not being set as Mozart himself played it. It is a mere skeleton, which his never-failing imagination, at the call of the moment, endowed with life and soul. It deserves, therefore, the acknowledgment of every admirer of classical Music, when artists of Mr. Cramer's talents and experience undertake the difficult task of rendering such invaluable compositions more generally accessible to pianoforte players; not only by filling up such blanks as we have alluded to, but by making the pianoforte, as the principal instrument, complete in itself, and independent of the other instruments. The Concerto before us (in F), which has been advertised as the first of a series, is not one of Mozart's grandest, though very beautiful: it is rather pleasing than grand, and therefore requires no extraordinary efforts from the performer, except here and there in the left hand. As to Mr. Cramer's share in the work, his name, and unlimited reverence for Mozart, are pledges that all was done which possibly could be accomplished by his abilities; but notwithstanding this, we cannot refrain from confessing some disappointment. The difference of effect when this Concerto is performed with a full band, and when by the pianoforte alone, is immense. In the former instance it is in fact an orchestral symphony, in which, next to the pianoforte, the wind instruments particularly are effectively and beautifully employed; but in the arrangement it is in many parts very uninteresting—a sort of dry passage-work—during which we (as is too frequently the case) heartily long for the air. In the 'Solos' Mr. Cramer had, no doubt, the greatest difficulty; as he had either to make a sacrifice of the brilliant, though unmelodious passages of the pianoforte, or of the melodies given to the other instruments for accompanying them. The union of both was impossible; and yet, only by such a combination are the Concertos those finished works of art which Mozart intended them to be. The publication has acquired an additional interest from the circumstance, that the celebrated Hummel (a pupil of Mozart's) has been engaged by another house (Chappell and Co.) to arrange Twelve of Mozart's Concertos, in the same manner as he did Mozart's Six Grand Symphonies. Both arrangements must necessarily prove highly instructive to the Student of Music.

2. 'Boscha's Introductory Exercises for the Harp'; book 1. Chappell and Co.

The author having found his studies for the harp, published a few years ago, rather too difficult to be really useful to pupils until they are considerably advanced, has prepared this work, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be sufficiently easy and pleasing to lead the pupil on by degrees. The present part contains twelve exercises, each of which is intended for a particular purpose; as No. 1, 'For Equalizing the Fingering'; No. 3, 'For Strengthening the second and third Fingers'; No. 5, 'For the Arpeggio

with the left hand.' Upon the whole, it is a work which may be safely recommended to young students.

3. 'A Notturmo for the Harp and Pianoforte, or two Grand Pianofortes with two French Horns.' J. B. Cramer. Birchall and Co.

The principal features of this composition, published two or three months ago, are, like most of Mr. Cramer's—grace and elegance. There is nothing crude, unnatural, or extravagant in the whole piece; but, on the contrary, an easy flow of melody leads us in a most agreeable manner from beginning to end. It consists of three movements, each of which is singularly enough marked 'Allegretto,' viz. 'Allegretto moderato'; 'Andante quasi Allegretto'; and the last, a Rondo, is again 'Allegretto moderato.' The two horns are not indispensable; but, when used, they greatly increase the fine effect of this charming composition.

4. 'Cherry Ripe.' Cavatina. By C. E. Horn. Willis and Co.

This delightful song, which consists of hardly more than two simple ideas, forms one of the ornaments, and we venture to say, useful ones too, of Mr. Willis's splendid Musical Repository in St. James's Street. Within a very limited period this Cavatina has become an universal favourite; and even if we had not been aware of its being so popular, we should have inferred it from the variety of ways in which the proprietor has had it arranged: with English words—with Italian separate; also for the pianoforte or the harp, with accompaniments of flute or violin, and violoncello.

BIOGRAPHY.

MADAME DU FRESNOY.

FRENCH literature and society have experienced a severe loss in the death of this distinguished literary lady, who combined all the graces of good breeding, and an amenity of disposition, with superior talent. The author of a great number of works, she never lost sight of the principle so often forgotten by our neighbours, that morality ought to form the basis of all education. Her compositions were chiefly for the rising generation; and if she does not rise to the dignity of Miss Edgeworth, she may be cited favourably after her. Her poem on the Death of Bayard was crowned by the Institute on the 5th of April, 1815. Her volume of Elegies are in the library of every person of taste and sentiment: they breathe all that delicious sweetness of melancholy which reminds us of the best models of antiquity. She was the author of the Abbé Sicard's affecting narrative of his sufferings during the massacres of September. The Abbé, it is said, disavowed the work, yet this did not lessen the friendship that subsisted between them. The author of this notice dined in company with them both, at the house of a common friend, a few years since, when there appeared to be a filial affection in Mad. D. for the virtuous teacher of the deaf and dumb. It would be too long to cite all her productions here—they have all run through several editions. We may mention—*La petite Menagère*, ou l'*Educacion Maternelle*, 4 vols., 18mo.; *Etrennes à ma Fille*, 2 vols. in 12mo.; *Biographie des Jeunes Demoiselles*, as having become very popular. Her last work, and which was completed only a few months before her death, was the *Beauties of the History of Spain*, a performance replete with interesting anecdote, in which the history of Spain abounds more than any other nation. She appeared to possess a strong constitution; and promised a much longer career, when a disorder of the chest suddenly carried her off, on the 7th of last month.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

The Harrot.

NO. III.

The Fatigues of Fashion from Two in the Afternoon until Two in the Morning.

THERE are two distinct characters amongst the votaries of fashion, whose life is one round of pleasure and of dissipation; these are the passive and active—the former consists of weak and easy people, idle in habit, uncertain and unpronounced in opinion and in every thing, and who allow themselves to be carried by the stream, and to float down it, in company with *belles* and *beaux*, lords and ladies, the dandies and elegantes of the day. They are mere followers of modes and imitators of others; lithographs of prominent figures in the pictures of high life—copies, polygraphics, and (at best) *fac similes*. They allow the leaders of the van in *bon ton* to dictate to them their crop, the eccentricity of their hat, the cut of their coat, the amplitude of their pantaloons, the form of their cravats, together with the oddities and affectations of the times; nay, they are not unfrequently regulated by their tailors and stay-makers for the mirror of fancy, "its form and pressure;" whilst the passions of the fairer sex glide on in the same way, borrowing *ton* from France, or from the Frenchified dames in high life, and having no will or originality of their own. Such characters of both sexes may be expected to yawn and ooze out the afternoon; to recline on sofas and at the backs of their carriages; to be insipid in taste and conversation; to fill corners at large parties with the same effect as corner cabinets or figures (on their backs which have lights in their hands or on their heads); and to come home late, lisping something picked up in the way of "an *dit*" at an early hour in the morning; to be undressed and put by, and to go on next day in the same mechanical way, as if they were pieces of machinery worked upon and wound up by Fashion's fingers. These are the cyphers, amounting to great numbers in the list of names which fill the columns of the gentle *Post*, or record of fetes and follies. The active *dramatis persone* of high life are very different. It is of them that we shall principally speak. They are the exquisites who endure the toils and fatigues of fashion; who labour, strive, and are in constant agitation, most particularly from two in the afternoon until two the next morning. What mighty affairs they have on their hands! how many engagements! what exertions! watching, hurrying, flying from place to place; apologizing, puttings off, undermining the constitution, waging war against time: but the better to give a faint idea of the thing, we will suppose the diary of a *belle* and *beau*, and fix the hand of the clock at ten minutes past two p. m.—(The *belle* to her footman) "James, make haste away with these breakfast things; it is past two, and (looking in the glass) send Mademoiselle Tulle (her waiting woman) to me. I must dress to go out, and I am sure I shall be too late for my appointment at three; (to Mademoiselle) Victorine, I look odious to-day; bring me the last *blouse* which came from Paris; or, no—the cambric dress, trimmed with Brussels lace, *made à la vierge*; but, no—I forgot my aunt, Lady Bashara, has only been dead three weeks—how shocking! and I can't go out of mourning yet; well, now go upstairs and dress me. Oh, ye powers! nine billets on the table—who's to read them? ask Morrison to come up and run them over whilst I dress; but no, there may be a secret correspondence, I must read them myself: one from my dressmaker—shan't read it—it's a dun; two invitations from City people—always engaged; Lady Goldmine's at home—a frump—must go for ten minutes; one dinner, one concert, two "will do themselves the honour to attend my next

soirée," and one *billet-doux*—a fool of a fellow, but will hoax him. Gracious me! why it's four o'clock, and I am not half dressed, and I have a dozen of visits to make, Miss Modish to take up, (to whom I had much rather give a *set down*), the Park to look at, my appointment to keep (which I shall cut and tell an innocent fib about), Hamel's to call at in Regent-street, tickets to procure for the French theatre, a bill to pay, and, the most important of all, to call at Rundell and Bridge's to speak about the new setting of my jewels. Let me see, what can I get rid of? I won't pay the bill—I won't take up Miss Chase, I will send her a kind note to say that I am unwell—I will only pay two visits out of six, and those only after I have seen the people in the Park, so as to be certain of not being let in—I must drive like mad to the City about my jewels, and that I may get all this done by six o'clock, how I shall be put to it for time to dress for dinner; but *n'importe*." The lady stays two hours at the jeweller's, and a whole hour at Hamel's, looking at different articles; gets to the Park when the company is leaving it; gets out of temper; pays no bill nor visit; and forgets the kind note to Miss Chase. What terrible reparations stand before her—dinner kept waiting one hour—sends to five places for tickets—too late at play—arrives by midnight at one party, and at one at a ball; tired and unwell, comes home at two: twelve hours and a half are passed—what business!—what fatigue!—(The Beau's Diary.) Two P. M. "John, what's all this?" "Breakfast, sir." "I see nothing but coffee." "Yes, sir, and bread and butter and shrimps." "All that is vile; let me have a broiled chicken, some stewed mushrooms, a glass of nœuveau to begin, and anything else which you may think on. Now, let me see, why here is a table covered with bills and letters; throw half of them in the fire: my head aches infernally; I cannot attend to them; burn the bills, and put the letters in the drawer, I will look at them at my leisure: that nœuveau is too sweet, it would ruin my stomach; give me a glass of brandy; see how my hand shakes; I think I could eat a bit of ham and a French roll; make the coffee, and let it be strong and clear; my head is in an agony; the champagne which I took at Long's has disagreed with me; give me a nervous pill; has any one called to-day?" (John) "Yes, Sir William." "Who?" "Why the parlour is full of people, and the hall too; in the first place there's your coach-maker, and next, there's the young gentleman from Cambridge, and your tailor, and Mr. Manton, and Mr. Hoby, and—" "Prithes, John, get rid of them all; let Manton be off like a shot—tell him I will call on him to-day, which I certainly will not; ditto to Mr. Hoby and to the coach-maker; desire the tailor to come again in two hours, and take care to have my horses ready half-an-hour before, that I may be out when he comes; my compliments to the young gentleman, and say that I am too ill to see him, but will meet him at the club." (John) "Then, sir, there's White-headed Bob." "Oh, I know what he comes about—it's to tell me I have lost my money at the fight, which, by the bye, was a cross; there's no trusting any one now-a-days; say to him that I will look in at the Fives Court at four o'clock, but that, at present, my hand is not steady enough to write a check; bring me my tablets: by Jove, I shall never be able to do half these things (reads)—to inquire for X. Y., who lends money on personal security, and exchanges acceptances for noblemen and gentlemen—ought to be there at three—the hour has struck—will take a hackney-coach, and drive there like the devil; a bill to take up in the City; will have my cattle

meet me at the United Service Club, and ride full speed to Tattersall's, for I must push the sale of my horses, and watch the bidding of my stud groom; call in at the New Club, having promised to black-ball a fellow; two appointments—won't keep either; a dog to buy for Lady Mary—that must be done; a box to hire for the Opera; Harriet Wilson's Memoirs to look over whilst dressing—hope she has not named me—don't care a d—n if she has—notoriety is the go—but then it makes one look old, her day being past; four apologies and two puts-off to write—shall make my butler do it for me—the fellow writes a good hand, which is more than his master does; to dine in Harley-street, get to the Opera by eleven, and to look in at a party: well, if I do half this, I shall be tired enough." The beau performs half of his task; comes home at two in the morning jaded and low spirited; has lost his cash at play; he smokes a cigar in order to render himself drowsy, and then repairs to bed. Is not this making a toil of pleasure? Had he been forced by the nature of an office or employment to drive about thus, thus to go from place to place, to have his rest broken, his time so fully taken up, he would complain bitterly of the hardship of his case: but pride feels no pain; and it was essential to his place in the circle of fashion to be seen at Tattersall's, at the Club, at the Fives Court, in the Park, at the Opera and Route, all in the same day; he must run after money to support all this, and lose it when borrowed, for good-breeding sake. *O tempora! O mores!*

ANECDOTES.

Frederick the Great, while reviewing his guard, happened at a time to take out his snuff-box, and was tapping on the lid, when one of his grenadiers stepped out of the ranks and said, "Please your Majesty, give me a pinch of your snuff!" The King asked what he meant by such freedom, and he replied, "In my country, Sir, when any one taps on the box, it is a sign that every body round is welcome to a pinch, and I thought your Majesty meant as much." The King laughed at the odd result of this odd custom, and presented the box, a gold one enriched with jewels, to the soldier, bidding him keep it for his sake.

The late Dr. Parr, it is well known, was greatly attached to a pipe, and wherever he went to dine was indulged with his favourite whiff. Once he was invited by a gentleman whose wife, a fine lady, had an intense aversion to smoking, and the following story is told of the occasion:—The husband, on his return—"My dear, whom do you think I met in the street just now, and invited to dine with us to-morrow?" "I cannot say, my love, unless you tell me." "Doctor Parr." "Very well, love; you know I am always happy to see your friends at our table." "You are very kind, my dear wife, but I must mention one thing; the Doctor, wherever he goes, is indulged with a pipe." "Indeed, my dear! then I have only this to say, he shall not have that indulgence here; no gentleman shall smoke a pipe in my drawing-room." The husband perceived the case was lost, and, like a wise man, dropped the subject. On the morrow the doctor came, and a select party met him. After a sumptuous dinner, they retired to the drawing-room. The doctor began to feel certain cravings for the stimulating fumes of his beloved pipe; he tried to catch the eye of his host, but that was constantly averted. The lady of the house was on the *qui vive*, she watched both her husband and the doctor. At length the reverend gentleman grew impatient; he addressed himself in a half whisper to his friend: the word pipe caught the ear of madam, who immediately took upon herself to

answer for her husband. Lady: "Dr. Parr, I hope you will excuse what I am going to say, but I cannot permit smoking in my drawing-room." Doctor: "And why not, madam? I have smoked a pipe with my king, and it surely can be no offence or disgrace to a subject to permit me the like indulgence!" Lady: "Notwithstanding that, sir, I never will allow my drawing-room to be defiled with the nauseous smoke of tobacco; I have ordered a room below to be prepared for any gentlemen who wish to indulge in that disagreeable habit." Doctor: "Madam—" Lady, quickly: "Sir." Doctor: "Madam, you are—" Lady: "I beg, sir, you will not express any rudeness!" The doctor, raising his voice: "Madam, you are the greatest tobacco stopper in England." This sally caused a loud laugh at the expense of the lady, and though the doctor had not the pleasure of his pipe, he enjoyed the effect of his wit on the now thoroughly disconcerted and crest-fallen virago.

Slave Trade.—It is melancholy to hear from all quarters, that the slave trade is still carrying on with the greatest activity. In a work published at Copenhagen, by M. Monrad, a Danish clergyman who has had ample opportunities of knowing the fact, an opinion is expressed that the legislative abolition of the trade has by no means ameliorated the condition of the unhappy negroes; in consequence of the rage with which that abolition has inspired the slave merchants of all countries, and the refinements of cruelty which it has suggested to them. One occurrence mentioned by M. Monrad, will serve as a specimen of the horrid practices that are pursued. It appears, that in order to avoid the English cruisers, the slave merchants have recourse to very small vessels, as being better able to escape capture; but that they do not on that account diminish the number of negroes of whom a cargo consists. In the hold of a very small Portuguese vessel, bound to the Brazils, were crammed the incredible number of eleven hundred negroes; half of whom died on the voyage, and half of the survivors immediately after their disembarkation! This infamous commerce, notwithstanding all the efforts of the British Government, is perpetually going on, partly under the English flag, and partly under the flags of America, Portugal, Spain, Holland, and France. It appears, according to M. Monrad, that the Antilles receive an annual importation of 20,000 slaves; and that in the year 1821, the Danish troops on the coast of Africa were compelled to oppose by main force, an expedition undertaken by several English traders, in conjunction with some Dutch and Portuguese, to procure negroes.

DRAMA.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

On Monday, these gardens, indicating, as swallows do, the approach of summer, were opened for the season. But summer does not always come with the swallows, nor has it yet come this year with the Vauxhall Gardens. In such cases the birds droop and die for want of food—the warmth being necessary to bring out the flies on which they fatten: we trust that no like famine may attend Vauxhall, but, on the contrary, that heat and fine weather may enable the flies of fashion to frequent the gardens, and fatten their owners.

New Light.—The interior of the theatre La Fenice, at Venice, is now lighted up by means of a new process invented by the mechanician Locatelli. It appears, from the description given of it by an Italian Journal, that lamps concealed in the roof and fitted up with parabolic reflectors, throw all their rays of light upon an opening one foot in

diameter; in the centre of the ceiling. This opening is furnished with an ingenious system of lenses, which concentrate the rays and reflect them to every part of the house. This mode of lighting presents several advantages; the light is more vivid and more generally diffused; nothing intervenes between the stage and the spectators occupying an elevated situation in front; the lamps may be approached to be trimmed without the public perceiving it, and there is neither smoke nor smell proceeding from the burning of oil. An idea of this method may be formed by representing to oneself a luminous disc on the sun at its zenith.

Lekain.—Some reflections on the talent of Lekain, and on the theatrical art generally, by Talma, have lately been published in Paris. The qualifications of Talma for such an undertaking, no one can doubt. He treats of Lekain's *début*, of the criticism to which he was exposed, and of his success; and draws a short parallel between Dumeril and Clairon; the first of whom "gave himself up without reserve to all the impulses of a nature which art could not assist," while the second "followed the system of pompous and strongly accentuated declamation which she found established." He proceeds to consider what was formerly esteemed a fine style, and the influence of that style on the productions of authors, as well as on the performance and costume of actors, and introduces a brief examination of the question, if tragedy springs from nature. He then investigates the theatrical art generally, pointing out the qualities necessary to an actor who would obtain a well-deserved reputation. Lekain, according to Talma, did not possess all these qualities; but he had many of them, and supplied his deficiencies by the resources of art. We recommend the following passage to the attention of some of our own theatrical aspirants: "While the lovers of vociferation in a theatre persuade themselves that their heart is affected when it is only their ears that are torn, and while they applaud with unrestrained vehemence, there are among the audience a certain number of connoisseurs, of well-informed individuals, who are impressed only by that which is true and conformable to nature. These latter do not make much noise, but on their judgment reputation depends."

POLITICS.

ANOTHER week has passed without news. The Coronation in France, and, at home, the parliamentary proceedings towards granting £6000 a-year, severally, to the daughter of the Duke of Kent and the son of the Duke of Cumberland,—and raising the salaries of the Judges, have occupied the Newspapers.

VARIETIES.

THE big ship, the *Columbus*, which crossed the Atlantic with a cargo of timber to England, has, it seems, been lost on her homeward voyage. The crew are saved, and carried into Cork.

Models of Fruits.—The difficulty experienced by the most skilful horticultural writers, even when assisted by the pencils of able artists, satisfactorily to describe and represent the various and almost infinite kinds of fruit that ornament the garden, and supply the table with one of its most agreeable luxuries, has suggested to Messrs. Pizzigalli and Degasperis, of Milan, to undertake a work which they call "Pomona, in relief;" that is to say, a collection of models of all the fruits cultivated in Europe, so perfect, that it is impossible, without touching them, not to mistake them for the natural fruits. The smaller fruits are modelled in wax; the larger in plaster, with a coat of wax. Some, such as grapes, gooseberries,

&c. are blown in glass. This collection is already considerably advanced, and will comprehend above five hundred descriptions of fruit.

A Singular Monastery.—At the distance of forty versts from Dubossara, ascending the Dniester, there is a monastery situated on almost inaccessible rocks. Formerly, the inhabitants of the environs sought an asylum from the incursions of the Tartars in the midst of similar fastnesses. Part of the building still standing, serves as a retreat for the wild pigeons in stormy weather. The church and cells, hewn in the massive rock, have no need of covering or repair: the cells are cold and unwholesome, so that the monks, twelve in number, sleep with their clothes on. Among the trees which grow in this solitary place, there is one which merits particular attention; the Moldavians call it Kung. Its roots penetrate into the hardest stone; its fruit resembles a cherry, in taste and form, and its kernel has a spirituous and agreeable flavour: this tree, too, like the citron, bears flowers and fruits at the same time, and continues bearing till the end of autumn.

Ants.—M. Dunan, the French naturalist, in a memoir on the insect tribe denominated *Aphis*, or *Pucerons*, asserts, in concluding with observations on the relations existing between these animals and the genus *formica*, that the latter insects are perfectly innocent of the injury they are commonly accused of occasioning to the vegetables near which they fix their dwelling. He also adds, that ants are equally innoxious with regard to the *pucerons* as to trees. They pursue them merely for the purpose of extracting a certain juice or liquor which is contained in their bodies; and in obtaining which they may sometimes use rather too violent a degree of pressure for the *pucerons* to sustain without injury.

Philological Expedition.—A striking resemblance having long been remarked between the languages (as well as manners) of the various tribes of Finland and Russia, Dr. Sjögren, a learned Finlander, has been directed by the Emperor of Russia, to travel through the country, for the purpose of making such observations as may elucidate the subject. As it is not probable that he will find many historical monuments—language, customs, manners, and traditions, will be the objects to which his attention will be principally directed.

The East.—Radama, the King of Orah, and the most powerful prince of Madagascar, since his authority extends over the two-thirds of that island, has lately abolished several barbarous and superstitious customs; has made laws to encourage industry and civilization among his subjects; and has prohibited the crime of infanticide under the most severe penalties. Tananarivo, his capital, and the place of his residence, is situated at seventeen days' journey from the island of Tamatava.

Natural History.—A female bison, at the menagerie of the Jardin du Roi, which with her mate was sent from North America, by M. Milbert, has just given birth to a young one, which it is hoped may be reared, as from the great strength and utility of these animals for agricultural labour, their naturalization would be an important benefit.

Plumbago.—A mine of Plumbago, in Sweden, which a Lubeck company began to work above a century ago, in the hope of meeting with silver, in which expectation they were disappointed, has lately been re-opened by a retired Swedish officer, who is satisfied that it contains vast quantities of pure lead. The recent discovery of coal-mines in Sweden will very much facilitate his operations; which will probably prove a new source of wealth to Sweden.

Rome.—Pope Leo XII. has greatly increased the library of the Vatican by the purchase of that of the Chevalier Cicognara. He has likewise augmented the Museum of Antiques of the Vatican with various beautiful and interesting statues. The museum is, besides, about to be much enriched by the superb collection of Vienti, and that of the late Duchess de Chalais.

Leipsic.—A society has just been established at Leipsic, for the purpose of exploring and preserving national antiquities. Every object of art, from the most ancient times down to the thirty years' war, will be sought for with the greatest care. They will be accurately described; and all manuscripts that are capable of being published will be published.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among the Edinburgh literary novelties forthcoming, which we see announced in Blackwood's Magazine, are, Brother Jonathan, a three volume novel; a Dumfries Monthly Magazine; a Critical Examination of Macculloch's Highlands, &c., with a refutation of his calumnies upon the national character; and the Crusaders, in 4 vols.—we suspect there will be five.

The fine arts in the Northern Capital also offer one novelty—Forty Views on the Clyde and its tributary Streams, to be done in numbers, by D. C. Hill, author of the Sketches in Perthshire.

Rare MSS. in the Library of the Abbe Gittulweg, in Austria.—Among the valuable MSS. in this library, are the following:—1. Cicero's *Oratio maior*, a MS. of the 12th century, on parchment, in 12mo., marked K 43; 2. Cicero's *Laelius*, *paradoxa*, *somnium Scipionis*; 3. Priscianus grammaticus, making, with the preceding, a volume in quarto, MS. of the 14th century, on parchment; 4. Seneca's *Proverbia*, in 4to. parchment, d. 17; 5. Valerius Marialis *Epigrammata*, f. 10; 6. Quintilianus, *de officio discipulorum ex preceptis*, in folio.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Outlines to Shakespeare's Tempest, 8vo. 8s. 4to. proofs 12s.—Pennington's Tour in Europe, 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 10s. bds.—Laby's Trigonometry, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Maps and Plans to Herodotus, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Massena, a Tale, 3 vols. 12mo. 17. 1s. bds.—Characters and Opinions, or the Blue Book, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Nature of Value, cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Cromwell's History of Colchester, 2 vols. post 8vo. 17. 12s. bds. royal 24. 12s. India proofs 41. 4s.—Good's Study of Medicine, new edition, 5 vols. 8vo. 34. 10s. bds.—Wright's Self-examinations in Algebra, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Arabs, a Tale, by H. A. Driver, 8vo. 5s. bds.—College Recollections, 8vo. 3s. bds.—Sermons by a Country Curate, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Fairy Favours, foolscap, 6s. bds.—Finlayson's British Farmer, 8vo. 3s. bds.—Truth and Fashion, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s. bds.—Eve of All Hallows, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. bds.—Scott's Marmion, new edition, foolscap, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Scott's Lady of the Lake, new edition, foolscap 8vo. 9s. bds.—Lochaber, a Tale of 18th century, 3 vols. 12mo. 17. 1s. bds.—Steuart's Analysis of Scotland, 8vo. Part 1. 10s. bds.—Cooper's Lectures, by Tyrell, 10s. 10s. 6d. bds. coloured plates 15s. bds.—Brenan's Naval History, Vols. IV. and V. 8vo. 21. 2s. bds.—The Oracle of Human Destiny, 12mo. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

* * * We are sorry the last week's Table did not come to hand, but we will endeavour to supply the omission next week.

	May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 26	from 43 — 64	29.59 — 29.66
Friday 27 43 — 58	29.67 — 29.73
Saturday 28 35.5 — 56	29.80 — 29.82
Sunday 29 34 — 53	29.80 — 29.86
Monday 30 37 — 61	29.92 — 30.08
Tuesday 31 34 — 64	30.20 — 30.27
Wednesday, June 1 32 — 69	30.29 — 30.22

Wind variable. Generally cloudy; showers, at times; hail on the 26th and 30th ult.; very cold nights.—Rain fallen, .3750 of an inch in the Morning.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery, with a selection of Pictures by living Artists of the English School, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s. The Subscribers to the Print from Mr. West's Picture of "Our Saviour healing the Sick in the Temple," who have not received their impressions, may receive them, upon payment of the remainder of their subscriptions at the British Institution, daily.

TURGEONS, &c.—The Directors of the Royal Union Association are about to appoint general practitioners to several vacant districts in the east of the town and Southwark, and to the villages round London; they must be members of the London College.—Applications in writing, with references, addressed to the Secretaries at the Office, 5, Lancaster-place, Waterloo Bridge, will be attended to in due course.—Office hours ten to three, and on Monday Evenings from six to nine; Book of Rules, &c.; Prospectus gratis.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.—The Exhibition for the Sale of the Works of Bruce & Co. is now open. Admittance 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

W. LINTON, Secretary.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND MISCELLANY, No. VII. Price 6d. Published for the Proprietors, by Oliver and Boyd, and John Anderson, Junr. Edinburgh; Geo. B. Whittaker and Simpson and Marshall, London; and Robertson and Atkinson, Glasgow.

This day, price 6d.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, vol. III. with a beautiful Portrait of Henry Brougham, Esq. N. Y. F. R. S. London: printed for Knight and Lacey, Paternoster-row.

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Two American Discoveries.—Price 1s. just published. **TWO DISCOURSES ON A NEW SYSTEM OF SOCIETY,** lately delivered in the Hall of Representatives, at Washington, before the President of the United States, &c. &c. By R. L. D. London: printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Marie-lane.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE and Literary Journal.—June I. contains a Curious Memoir of the celebrated Earl of Bute, now first published from the original MS. written by himself, and above twenty other original papers in prose and poetry; besides the usual varieties in Art, Science, Criticism, the Drama, Biography, Politics, and Commerce.

N. B. The New Monthly Magazine is regularly supplied by all Booksellers and may be examined gratis to friends abroad, by application to the General Post Office, or to any local Post-master.

The Numbers which were out of print having been re-printed, complete sets may be had from its commencement in 1801.

KELLY, who has been upwards of Thirty Years Stage Manager of the King's Theatre, announces his Annual Benefit at that Theatre, on Monday, the 13th of June. The attraction is most powerful. The Entertainments of the Evening will consist of Rossini's Grand Serious Opera of "PIETRO L'EREMITA," to be performed by the principal Singers of the Italian Opera, with Mozart's popular Overture of the Zauberflöte, executed by the Opera Band. Miss Fane makes her first appearance on the Opera Stage in the Wedding Day, in which Mr. Wm. Farren also gives his friendly aid. The whole to conclude with the popular Grand Pantomimic Ballet of "LE PAGE INCONSTANT, or, THE FOLLIES OF A DAY," by all the principal Dancers, and Corps De Ballet of the Opera House.—The whole of the above will be acted in Play-house Prices, for that night only.

Applications for Boxes to be made to Mr. Kelly, No. 6, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden; and of Mr. Seguin, at Mr. Ebers's, Bond-street.

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